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IN THE MIZ





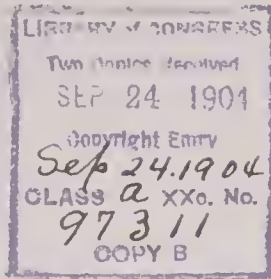
IN THE MIZ

By

GRACE E. WARD

*With Eight Full-page Plates in Color
and Numerous Text Illustrations from
Drawings by Clara E. Atwood*

BOSTON, LITTLE, BROWN, & CO., 1904



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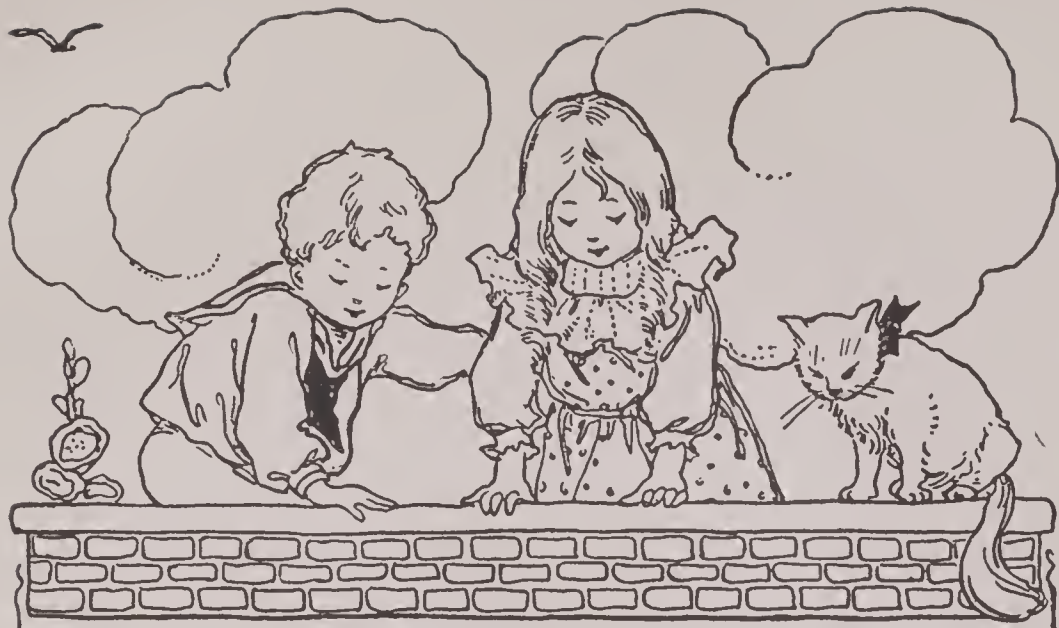
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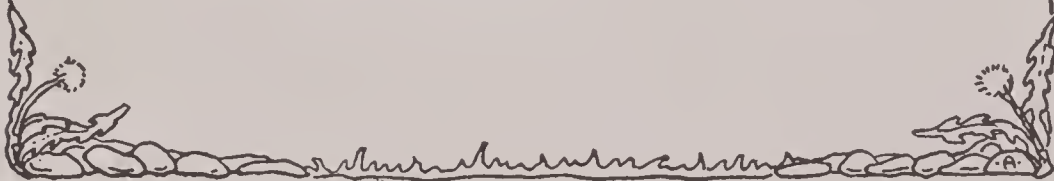
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CONTENTS

JAN THE LION KILLER . . .	<i>Page</i>	I
A STORY FOR FRANCES . . .	"	25
THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT . . .	"	53
THE OLD LEAF	"	75
THE ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION . . .	"	93
IN THE MIZ	"	115
THE KATABASIS OF PAUL . . .	"	139





FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR

All the men, women, and boys and girls, and dogs began to run along with Jan and the farmer	<i>Frontispiece</i>
“Because,” said the face, “I am the Head of Tide Water”	Page 18 ✓
“They’ve had their bowl mended, and now they are going off on another voyage”	“ 29 ✓
Paul and Bimbo and Totzo had taken flight, and were far away over the water	“ 72
Paul and Elsie and Ted were looking out upon a very rainy day	“ 77
The Welsh Rabbit took another bite of toasted bread, and sobbed aloud	“ 97
He looked at Paul with an icy stare, and bowed stiffly . . .	“ 129
The scarecrow was so sympathetic that they became great friends	“ 155

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

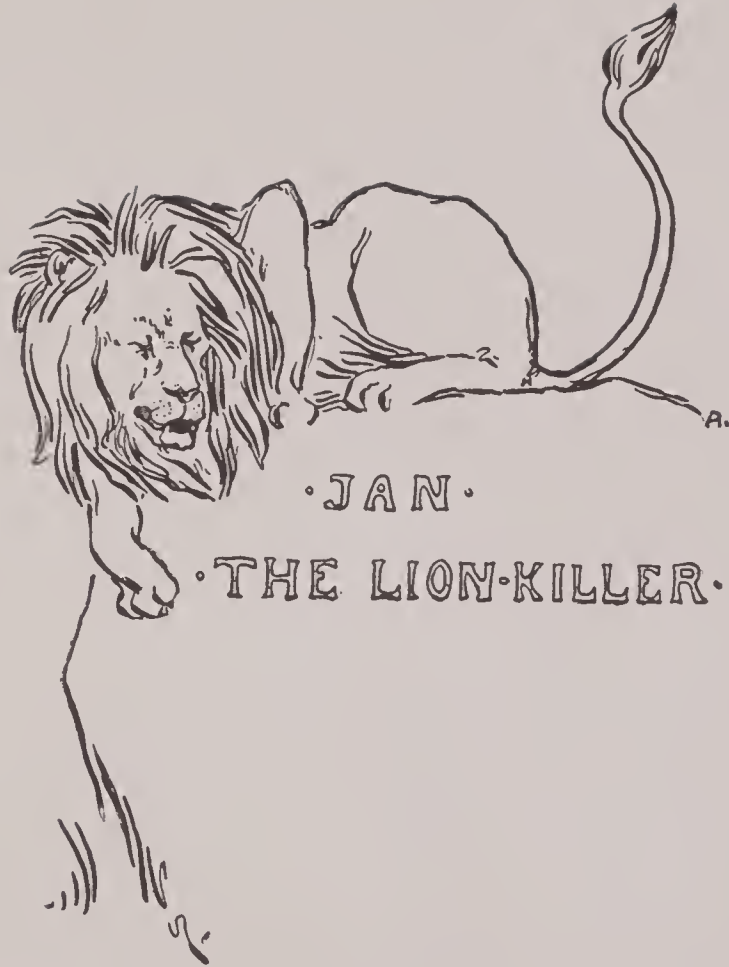
Then he climbed into a tree that hung over the spring . . .	<i>Page</i> 7
When Jan was dressed in his royal suit	“ 9
She was a very narrow woman	“ 10
The King and the Queen and all the people were in despair	“ 12
Then Jan went down to the beach	“ 15
In a policeman’s uniform, sitting on a very large beet . . .	“ 19
Slid the rope over his head and led him off	“ 21
Then he and the Prince and the porcupine started for home	“ 23

The man sat in his armchair trying to think	<i>Page</i> 28
A little girl poured them some tea	“ 30
The boy was already far ahead and did n't hear	“ 33
He lifted the Man in his great strong bill	“ 35
Out trotted a brown bear made all of shaggy sticks of cinnamon	“ 37
Met three little boys crying bitterly	“ 39
He tripped over the rubbers	“ 43
“ He will give you a little girl of your own ”	“ 45
On each side of him were growing six crimson and gold tulips	“ 47
“ This one,” said she, “ is the table of twelves ”	“ 50
Having a tea-party	“ 51
Paul stood watching him	“ 57
On they went, Paul and Bimbo and Totzo and the Snow-man	“ 61
He dipped up several cups of hot chocolate	“ 63
“ Oh, that proud thing ”	“ 69
He made a low bow to Bimbo	“ 73
The night before Christmas	“ 79
All the children joined hands and danced around it	“ 81
Paul worked very hard	“ 85
What she saw was this	“ 86
There was a whisk of a red tail, and Mr. Fox scurried by	“ 89
“ Swept me along among soft gray rolls of dust ”	“ 101
They had to swim for their lives	“ 103
They were in terror lest they should step off and lose their way	“ 107
With a tremendous tug he brought it up	“ 110
Joan was looking dreamily over their heads	“ 112
On the eaves of the house was a little dried-up old man	“ 118

ILLUSTRATIONS

ix

“ The housemaid came with a broom-handle ”	<i>Page</i> 119
“ Going u-up ? ”	“ 125
Paul saw the long aisle, like a marble avenue	“ 133
He did n't look a bit happy	“ 143
“ Push him out of the nest ! ”	“ 149
Down came Paul right into the apron	“ 153
He almost lost his balance to see around the corner	“ 157



·JAN·

·THE LION-KILLER·

JAN THE LION KILLER



ONCE upon a time there was walking along the King's highway a boy that had n't had any breakfast and did n't know how he was going to get any dinner, but he was whistling merrily, "For," said he, "perhaps if I whistle loudly enough I shall forget how hungry I am."

"What right have you to be whistling so gayly," said a farmer whom he met, "when I have lost two fat oxen, six good sheep, and a lamb?"

Jan gave one long whistle and stopped. "My!" said he; "where did you lose them?"

"Do you not know," said the farmer, "that there is a great lion that comes down

JAN THE LION KILLER

every night from the mountain and carries off our flocks? The King will give a large reward to any one who will kill the beast, but no one dares to try.”

“ I will try,” said Jan. “ Take me to the King.”

The farmer was so pleased that he ran shouting through the town, — “ Here is a man to kill the lion !” and all the men, women, and boys and girls, and dogs began to run along with Jan and the farmer, the dogs yelping and the people calling out, — “ Here comes the man who will kill the lion !”

Now the King, when he heard all this din, looked out of the palace window and sent a servant to find out what the trouble was.

They brought Jan to the King, and he said:

“ Your Majesty, I have started out in the

JAN THE LION KILLER

world to seek my fortune, and I should like to kill the lion that is troubling your Majesty's people."

"But you are very young," said the King, "and have not even a sword."

"Once, when I was tending my father's sheep," said Jan, "there came a bear to destroy them, but I beat him with my great club and killed him."

"Very well then," said the King; "if you kill the lion you shall be as my own son, and have half the kingdom when I die. Ask now whatever you need."

"Give me some dinner then," said Jan; and as it was just the King's dinner hour, they brought in his favorite dish, — four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, and all singing beautifully. Jan was so hungry that immediately he ate six of the blackbirds, and then said:

JAN THE LION KILLER

“Now give me a sharp sword and a stout rope.”

“Certainly, and six brave men besides.”

“No,” said Jan, “I will go alone,” for he had already discovered that the hardest battles in this world you generally have to fight out alone.

So he went off up the steep mountain-side. A beautiful gray squirrel with a great bushy tail tried to make him stop and play hide-and-seek among the tall trees, and a saucy little rabbit scampered along the path just in front of him, saying: “Catch me, Jan, I’m so near, — just catch me.” But Jan knew that he must not spare the time, for it was almost the hour when the lion would come down; so he kept on climbing, all the time watching the ground very closely. Finally he came to a spring of cold water, and in the soft mud around it he saw a footprint where some animal had stepped.

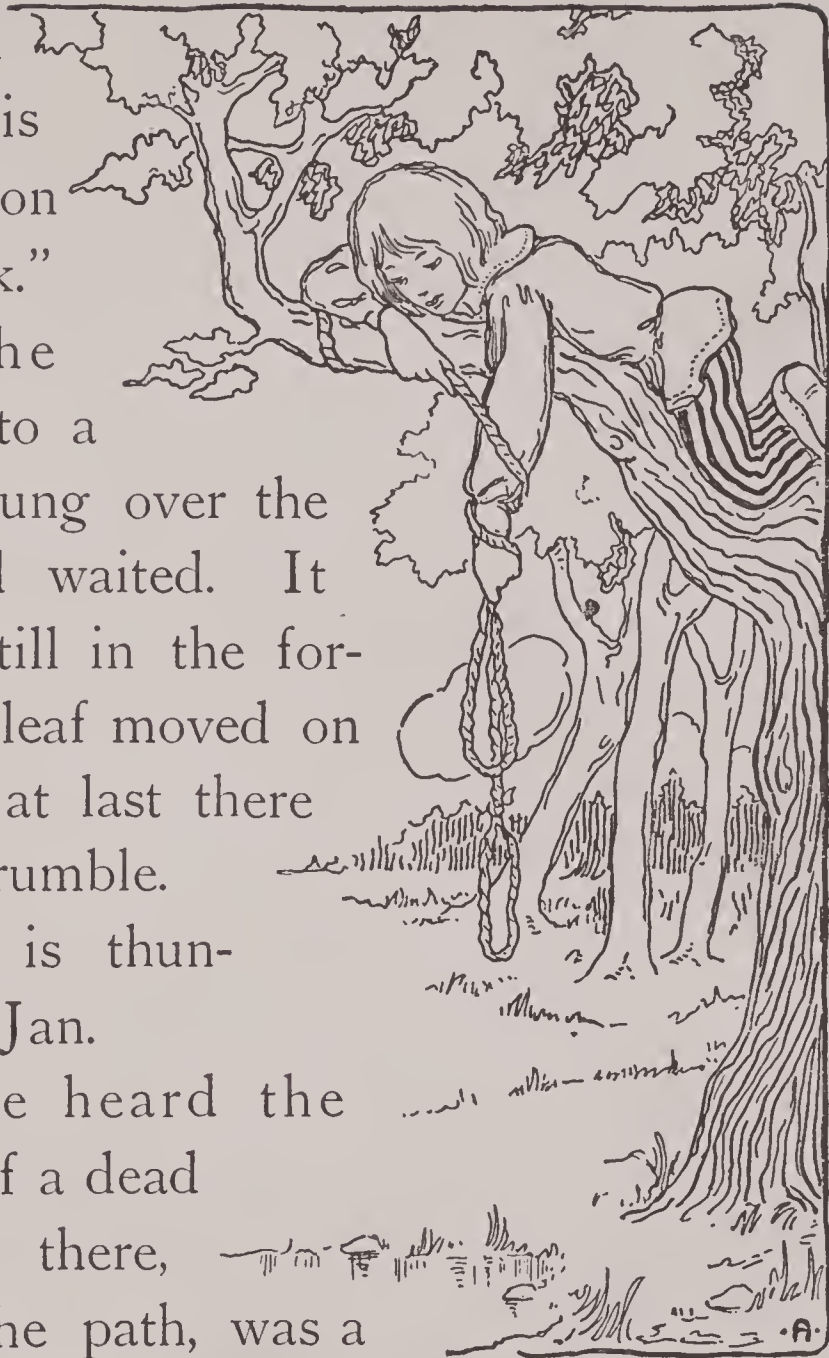
JAN THE LION KILLER

“Ah,” said Jan, “this is where the lion gets a drink.”

Then he climbed into a tree that hung over the spring and waited. It was very still in the forest; not a leaf moved on the trees; at last there was a low rumble.

“There is thunder,” said Jan.

Soon he heard the crackling of a dead twig, and there, right in the path, was a large lion. He put his nose down to the spring to drink, but, catching the scent of Jan, he



Then he climbed into a tree that hung over the spring

JAN THE LION KILLER

threw back his head, sniffed the air, and gave a terrible roar. Then Jan knew that this was the noise he had called "thunder." He leaned out on the tree, threw the loop of the rope over the lion's head, and pulled it tight, so that the roar grew fainter and fainter, and finally the lion closed his eyes and fell down almost choked to death. Jan leaped from the tree and with his sword cut off the lion's great shaggy head.

Now all the people were waiting at the foot of the mountain, and when they saw Jan with the lion's head, they shouted and danced for joy, and carried it to the King, who came down the palace steps to meet Jan. He embraced him, and ordered the court tailor to make him a suit of clothes just like those of Prince Olaf, the King's son, and that they should call him Prince Jan. When Jan was dressed in his royal

JAN THE LION KILLER

suit, he looked as handsome as any Prince, and he and Prince Olaf played ping-pong together and grew very fond of each other.

But the Queen, when she saw that the King loved Jan as much as his own son, was jealous, for she was a very narrow woman, and she did not know that when people are made right their hearts are broad enough to love several people, and there is room for them all, and she thought that because the King loved Jan too, he did not love the Prince at all, and she began to be unkind to Jan and to say to the King:



When Jan was dressed in his royal suit

JAN THE LION KILLER



*She was a very narrow
woman*

“Why do you make so much of this upstart Jan? We do not even know who his grandmother was. He is a bold, pushing fellow.”

But the King had a mind of his own, and he only said:

“Tush! Tush!”

Prince Jan, however, saw that the Queen was worried; so he took all his fine clothes one day, and gave them back to the King, saying:

“I do not care for the rich clothes, nor to be called Prince; I only just want to stay with you and the Prince, whom I love.”

JAN THE LION KILLER

“Nonsense,” said the King; but Jan begged him, saying:

“Let me be clothed in plain dull clothes, and be called plain Jan again, but let me keep your love.”

Then the Queen felt a little better, but still she fussed some because Jan stayed at the court.

Now while the King and all the kingdom were prosperous and happy, — for there was now no lion to steal the flocks, — behold, one day a new lion rushed into the market-place and snatched a child from its mother and ran off with it, roaring:

“My brother took only your cattle when he was hungry, and you killed him. Now I will carry off your little boys and girls!”

Then all the city was in terror, and no merry little children ran in the streets, for their fathers kept them all at home for fear of the lion. But one day, when they were

JAN THE LION KILLER



The King and the Queen and all the people were in despair

out hunting, Jan heard the Prince cry out: "Oh, Jan, save me!" and he saw the lion snatch the Prince from his horse's back and disappear with him.

The King and the Queen and all the people were in despair, and begged Jan to go out and kill this lion too. Then Jan went out into the forest and sat down to think. He was n't afraid of

the lion, but he had no idea which way to go to find him; and it is not easy to fight

JAN THE LION KILLER

things when nobody knows where they come from.

Suddenly he heard a cry as of some animal in pain, and looking around, he saw a porcupine caught by one foot in a trap that the hunters had set for wolves.

“Don’t stick your sharp quills into me,” said Jan, “and I will set you free.” So he loosened the trap and out jumped the porcupine.

“You are a kind fellow, Jan, and I will tell you what I know. The lion has not yet killed the Prince, but is keeping him to fatten until the month of Zebra, when he and his friends will feast on roast Prince, which is a great dainty for a lion. If ever you should need me, Jan, blow on this quill three times and I will come.”

Then Jan went down to the beach to make ready his boat for a voyage, but not knowing just where to turn first, he sat look-

JAN THE LION KILLER

ing out on the water, which was far, far out, for it was low tide.

“Why do you sit there so long doing nothing?” said a voice; and Jan saw a large crab coming sidewise towards him.

“Why do you walk sidewise?” said Jan. The crab popped out her eyes.

“That is a personal question,” said she. “I shall not answer it.”

“Neither shall I tell you why I am sitting here,” said Jan; for he saw that she was a curious old busy-body, and very crabbed besides. As she scuttled off in great wrath some little boys came along, poking a snail shell, and singing:

“Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I’ll beat you black as a coal.”

They were just going to tear the poor snail out of her house and leave her to die on the sand when Jan swung his great sword over their heads, saying:



Then Jan went down to the beach

JAN THE LION KILLER

“Give me the snail or I will cut off your ears and noses, and if you are ever cruel to anything again, the miller shall grind you as fine as meal.”

The boys ran away terribly frightened, and the snail said:

“I am very slow, but I manage to see a good deal, and I have seen the lion. You must sail up Hope River, that empties into the sea here, but you'll have to sail with the tide, you know. It will come in with Time, and then you must be spry; Time and Tide wait for no man. Tide has to go up to the Head of Tide Water and from there get back where he started from in only six hours, so he can't wait, you see.”

Jan now saw that the water had really come much nearer and was trying to climb over a large rock just in front of him. A wave would get almost up to the top, and then slip — slip — back again. Then it

JAN THE LION KILLER

would run way back so as to get a good start and come running up again with another great jump. Over and over the waves jumped up the side of that rock, and over and over they slid back again.

“Oh, dear!” said Jan, “I should think the water would be so tired doing that.”

Just then, with a great rush, a wave poured over the top of the rock, and raced up to Jan’s very feet.

“It is plain,” said Jan, “that the way to do a hard thing is to keep trying till you succeed.”

Now that the Tide was in, Jan got into his boat and went up the great river. He did not meet a soul; there were only green woods and fields along the banks of the river, with here and there a few farmhouses, and the tall spire of the village church. At last appeared a dark object on the surface of the water, and as they came nearer, a

JAN THE LION KILLER

long neck could be seen, with a head that grinned at Jan and said:

“I guess you can go on a bit farther, my man.”

“I intend to,” said Jan. “Why not?”

“Because,” said the face, “I am the Head of Tide Water, and it’s only small boats that can go by me. I turn all the rest back.”

“I see,” said Jan, “sort of a river-police-man.”

“No, a police-*buoy*,” said the Head of Tide Water, and laughed very loud because he had made a bad joke. He was so good-natured that Jan told him how much he wanted to find the lion’s den, and the Head said:

“You had better land here and talk with my cousin, the land-policeman. He has been to college, and doubtless can tell you the latitude and longitude of the lion’s den.”



JAN THE LION KILLER

“I don't care anything about that,” said Jan; “I just want to know where it is.” But he scrambled up the bank, and soon found a man in a policeman's uniform sitting very still on a very large beet. The policeman was asleep, but he yawned three times when Jan spoke to him, and said :

“Ah, yes! the lion—let me see; I heard about him once.”

After thinking a long time he told Jan where he would probably find the beast, and Jan started off rejoicing.

Now when Jan first made up his mind to kill the lion, he had borrowed a football



*In a policeman's uniform sitting . . .
on a very large beet*

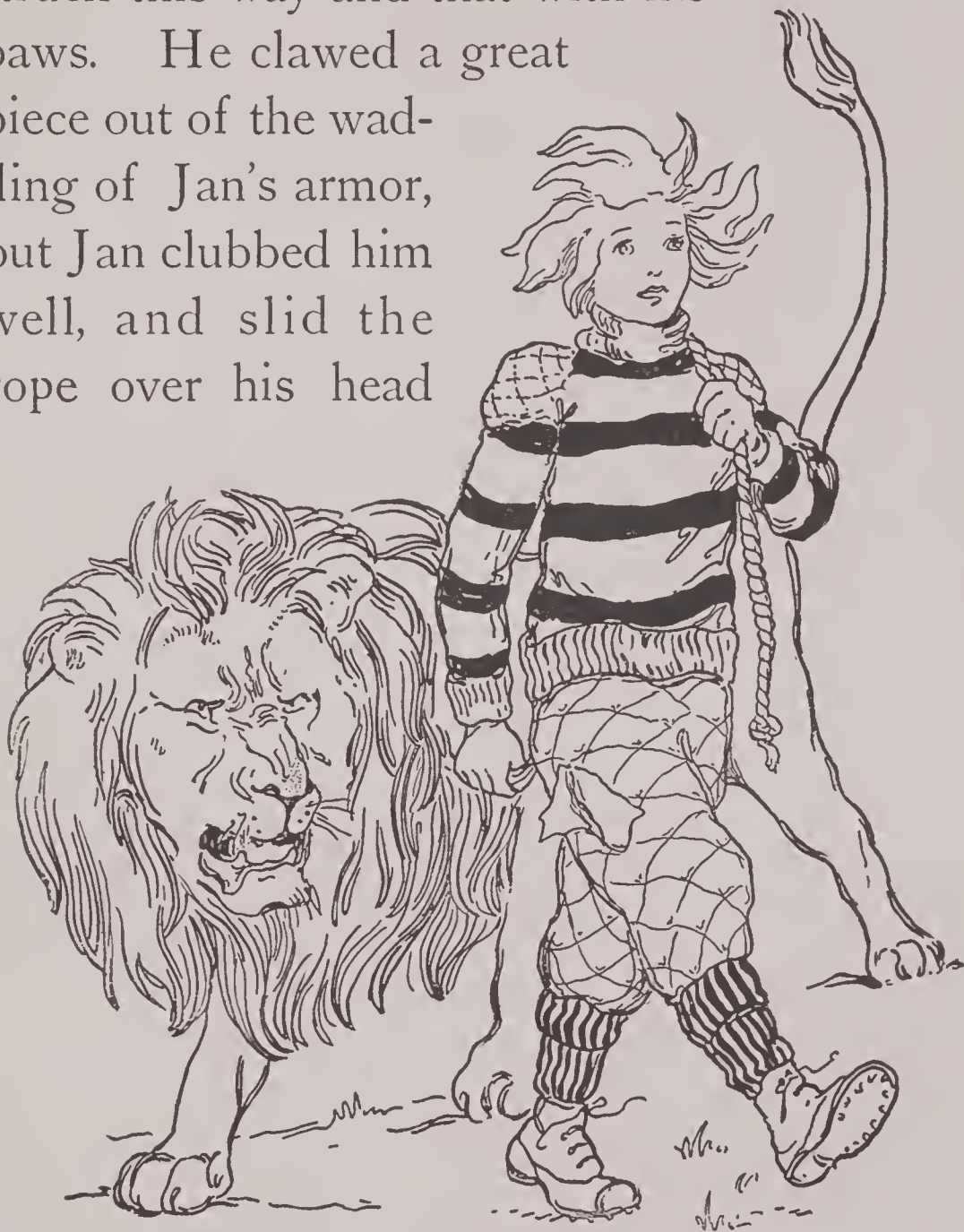
JAN THE LION KILLER

suit padded very thick, so that the claws and teeth of the lion could not penetrate it.

Early in the morning he put on his coat of padding, and started up the mountain. Soon he came upon the lion's track, and, following it closely, came to a cave in a rock. The lion was off on a foraging trip, but there was the Prince, alive and well. He and Jan embraced each other for joy, and Jan cut the ropes that bound the Prince to the cave, and off they started just as the lion came home bringing an ox that he had stolen. Jan took out the quill which the porcupine had given him, and hardly had he blown upon it three times when the porcupine came limping up, for his foot still hurt him. The lion was just going to pounce upon Jan, when pop! out flew all the porcupine's quills, some into his nose and some down his throat, and some even into his eyes, putting them out. Then the

JAN THE LION KILLER

blind lion roared with pain and rage, and struck this way and that with his paws. He clawed a great piece out of the wadding of Jan's armor, but Jan clubbed him well, and slid the rope over his head



Slid the rope over his head and led him off

JAN THE LION KILLER

and led him off, hitting him with the club whenever he tried to escape.

Now it chanced that there was a circus in town that day, and when the manager of the circus saw Jan leading this fine big lion through the streets, he said:

“That is just what I want for my menagerie. Give me the lion and I will pay you six purple robes, six crowns of gold set with pearls, and three wheelbarrows of silver dollars.”

Then the lion begged Jan to kill him. “For,” said he, “I would rather die than have to go in circus parades, and I, the King of the Forest, be jeered at by all the other animals and all the boys in the streets.”

But Jan thought that would be an excellent way to get rid of the lion, so he took the six purple robes, the six crowns of gold set with pearls, and the three wheelbarrows of silver dollars, and gave the rope to the circus manager to lead the lion away.



Then he and the Prince and the porcupine started for home

JAN THE LION KILLER

Then he and the Prince and the porcupine started for home. The porcupine could not be persuaded to go into the castle, for he said that he had always lived in the woods and didn't know how to behave in a King's court. Oh, how surprised the people were to see Jan and the Prince, and how they hurrahed when they heard the fate of the lion, and even the Queen praised Jan, saying :

“Stay with us always, Jan, for now I see plainly that you do not wish to take the place of the Prince, my son, or you would not have gone and recovered him at the risk of your life.”

Then Jan delivered the six purple robes, and the six golden crowns, and the silver dollars, and the Queen gave him the six purple robes to keep, for she did not look well in purple, and they lived, and lived, and for all I know may be living yet.



A STORY FOR FRANCES



THE Man sat in his armchair trying to think where he could go for a vacation trip. He had been almost everywhere already, and besides, he was afraid that he would meet some children, and (only think of it!) this man did not like children!

“I will take you to a country you have never seen,” said a voice close by his elbow, “if you will promise not to keep me from doing my work there.”

“Certainly,” said the Man, and the fairy — for it was really a fairy that had come to him — reached up her hand and caught a soft white cloud from the sky and wrapped it around them both. In it they floated away through the sky, which was very blue that

A STORY FOR FRANCES

day, till they came to a great white marble gate. The fairy struck it three times with her wand and it flew wide open.



The man sat in his armchair trying to think

The Man heard a great rushing and pattering of feet, and saw a crowd of people running by.



A STORY FOR FRANCES

“Come on,” said a boy to the Man.
“Come and see them off.”

“See who off?”

“Why, the Three Wise Men of Gotham. They’ve had their bowl mended, and now they are going off on another voyage.”

So they all ran down to the beach, and there, to be sure, was a large bowl tossing around on the ocean, which was n’t of salt water at all, like that at Squirrel Island, but all of lemonade.

“All ashore going ashore!” called out the wisest of the Wisemen, and pulled up the dictionary which they used as an anchor, and pushed the bowl off shore with a lemonade ladle. All the little boys and girls screamed “Good-bye! Good-bye!” and began to play having a tea-party.

The Man did not want to play this, and he wondered how the fairy could spare the time from her business; but she said, “I

A STORY FOR FRANCES

think I will stay to the party," and untying her bonnet-strings, sat down at the table. A little girl poured them some tea, at



A little girl poured them some tea

which the Man said rather crossly, "Why, there's nothing in my cup but just common hot water."

"On the contrary," said the fairy, "this

A STORY FOR FRANCES

tea has a very fine flavor. The tea-leaves from which it is made grew on a bush in China, in the Emperor's garden. It has golden stems and silver blossoms, and there is a gold fence around it, and six Chinamen guard it by day, and six Chinamen by night, so that nobody can pick a leaf except the Emperor's little girl."

Then the Man who had spoken so badly about the tea felt very small, and indeed the fairy had tapped him with her wand so that he suddenly grew very tiny. She laid her wand, which was really a yardstick, against him and put her finger where his head came.

"Only six inches high; you will have to grow a great deal here or your babies will not know you when you go home."

The Man was ashamed to be so much smaller than the smallest little girl at the party, and said:

A STORY FOR FRANCES

“Tell me how I can grow.”

“No,” said the fairy, “you must find out that for yourself, but don’t let the Great White Stork get you.”

Then all the children began to play hide-and-peek, for now that the Three Wise Men of Gotham had gone, it was vacation and they didn’t have to know anything.

“You’re *It*, you know,” said a boy, “for you came last.”

“Begin to count,” said the fairy to the Man, — “ten, ten, double ten, forty-five, fifteen.”

“Count a fiddlestick,” said the Man. “I’m not going to hunt up any children. There are too many around as it is.”

“Then good-bye,” said the fairy, and began to fade away.

“Stop! Wait!” said the Man; but she grew dimmer and dimmer, and at last vanished altogether.

Then the Man remembered that the fairy

A STORY FOR FRANCES



had said: "Don't let the Great White Stork get you," and he began to tremble with fear.

"Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!" he cried.

"Do?" said a boy, running past him, "why, go to the trial, of course."

"Who is going to be tried?" asked the Man; but the boy was already far ahead and did n't hear.

So the Man ran after him until he came to a brook.

"I have often jumped over a brook like that when I was a little boy," he said to himself; so he gave a great jump, but alas! he had forgotten how small he was now,



A STORY FOR FRANCES

and he fell,—splash! right into the water. He tried to swim, but he sank deeper and deeper into the soft black mud of the brook. When he had sunk up to his shoulders so that only his head showed, he cried out:

“How I wish I were playing hide-and-seek with the children!”

Immediately there was a loud whir—rr—rr—and a great white bird swooped down from the sky. He lifted the Man in his great strong bill and dropped him, all dripping with sticky black mud, on the bank.

“Now,” thought the Man, “I shall surely be killed, for this is the Great White Stork.”

He did not know that the things we are afraid of sometimes help us a great deal, and was surprised when the Stork said:

“So you wish after all to play with the children. You shall have one more chance; but if you miss it, I shall carry you off and punish you.”



He lifted the Man in his great strong bill

A STORY FOR FRANCES

With that he flapped his great wings seven times and vanished, saying :

“That is all. I — have — flapped.”

“How you frightened me!” said a voice. “I thought you were after my hind legs.”

Then the Man saw a large green frog sitting on a lily-pad.

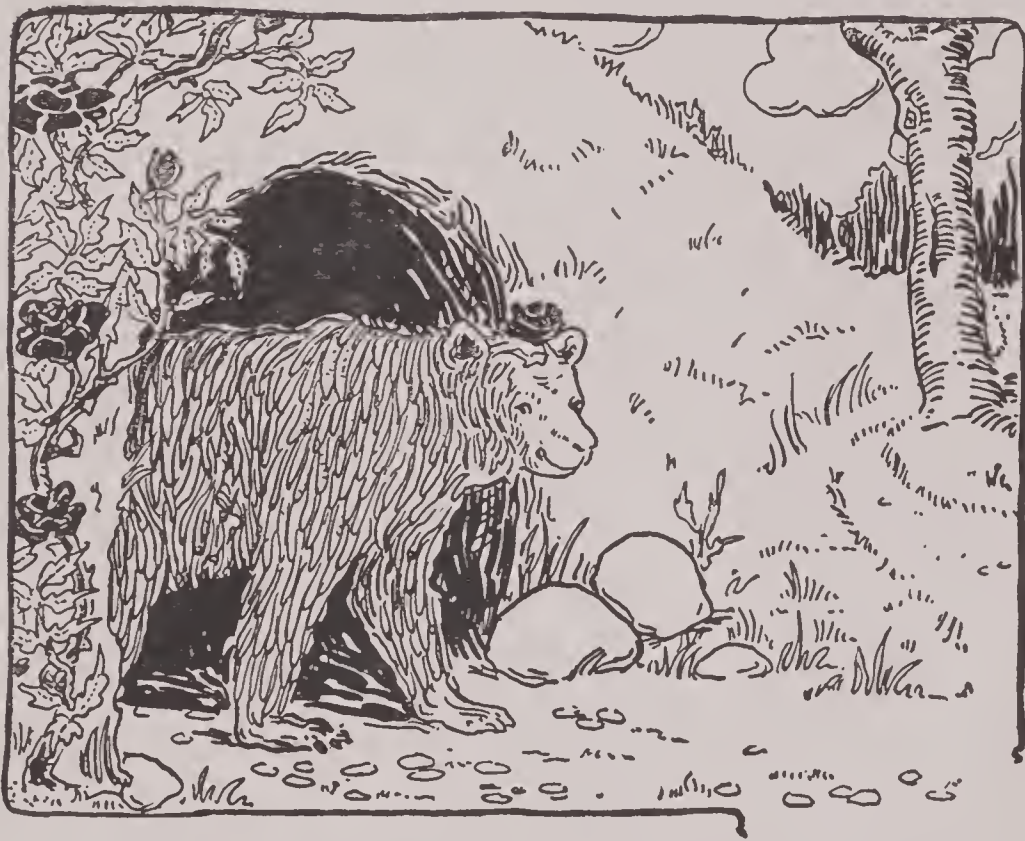
“No,” he said, “I don’t want your hind legs. I only want to go to the trial. Do you know where it is?”

“No, I never go anywhere; I just stay right here and try to live so that the boys won’t get my hind legs for people to eat. They have caught all my family, and I, only I, am left. You’ll have to ask the cinnamon bear. He lives over yonder. You will know him by the rose in his left ear. Here comes a boy; I must dive.”

The Man started off in the direction the frog had pointed out, and soon he noticed a fragrant, spicy smell in the air.

A STORY FOR FRANCES

“Some one is baking a plum pudding,” he thought; but there was no sign of a house anywhere, and still as he went on the smell



Out trotted a brown bear made all of shaggy sticks of cinnamon

of cinnamon grew stronger and stronger. All at once he found himself opposite a dark cave. There were a great many rose-bushes before the cave, all covered with beautiful cinnamon roses, and as the Man

A STORY FOR FRANCES

stood sniffing the fragrant odor, out trotted a brown bear made all of shaggy sticks of cinnamon, with a rose in his left ear.

“Ugh—ugh—Gr—rr—rr,” said he, which in the language of the bears means, “What do you want?”

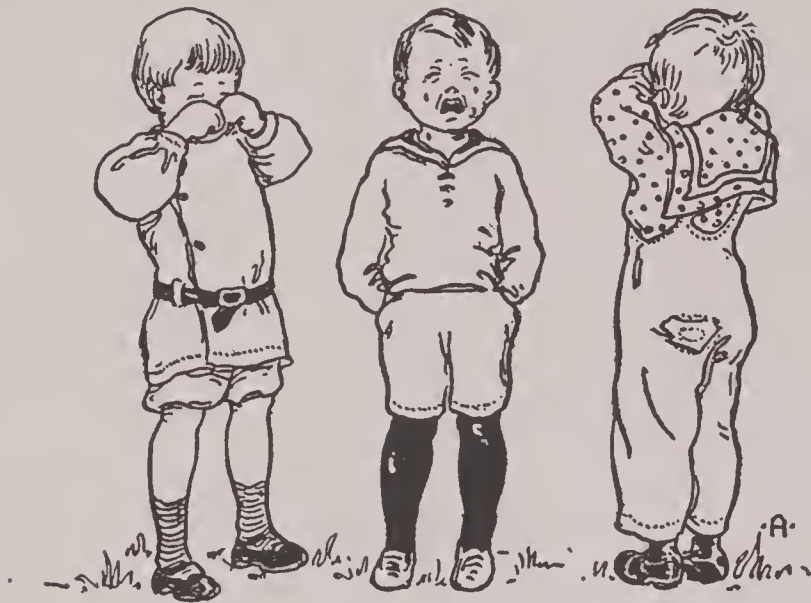
“I want to know the way to the trial.”

“Well,” said the cinnamon bear, “you must walk along this road till you come to Robin Hood’s barn. You will have to go around that, for it’s right in the middle of the road. Then keep on till you come to the House that Jack Built, and a great garden that belongs to Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. Then it’s only a little way to the trial if you go as the crow flies. If you will only remember to ask Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, how her garden is getting on, the crow will come along and take you the rest of the way.”

The Man went on, but only a short dis-

A STORY FOR FRANCES

tance, when he met three little boys crying bitterly. Now the Man knew that the Great White Stork had given him one more chance, so he said :



Met three little boys crying bitterly

“What is the matter, little boys?”

“Boo-hoo!” they sobbed, “the Yekrut has carried off our best glass marbles.”

The Man did not know that the Yekrut is the great-great-great-grandson of the eldest Harpy, and that he lives on things he snatches away from boys and girls; but he

A STORY FOR FRANCES

was sorry for the boys and tried to think how he could help them. A bright idea came to him. He took out his diamond shirt-studs and cuff-buttons and pried out the diamonds with his penknife.

“Now, boys, we will use these for marbles,” he said; and they had a fine game, that reminded the Man so much of when he was a little boy himself that he gave the diamonds to the children to keep and went on his way, leaving the boys very happy.

At last he heard a terrible noise, — the crowing of roosters, the quacking of ducks, the mooing of cows, the whinney of a horse, the barking of dogs, and the cackling of hens. He saw a great red roof, under which was a barn full of hay, and a cow-barn, a horse-barn, a carriage-house, a hen-house, a chicken-coop, a pig-pen, and a house for the servants to live in.

“This, then, is Robin Hood’s barn. Robin

A STORY FOR FRANCES

must be a good farmer. It will be a long walk around it;" but he trudged on and on till he saw a woman watering a garden.

"This must be Mary, Mary," he thought, "for she looks as sour as if she drank nothing but vinegar;" but he said very civilly:

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary,
How does your garden grow?"

She answered:

"Silver bells and cock—"

"Caw! Caw!" said the crow, appearing at once. "Get on my back and we will go to the trial as the crow flies."

Then they flew very fast over the tops of the trees till they saw a great castle, as large as the Cathedral in Hartford.

"In that castle," cawed the crow, "lives the Giant Time. If there is anything you want to know you had better ask him, for there are some things that Time alone can

A STORY FOR FRANCES

tell. He is very old, older than the stars, and he never sleeps a wink night or day, and never stops going even when he is sick. Once this fall the Giant Thoughtlessness left his umbrella and rubbers on Time's front steps, and when Time came out, running very fast,—for it was a delightful afternoon,—he tripped over the rubbers and broke his leg, so that he had to go on crutches; but he went on all the same, and never even looked around to see what he had stumbled over, for he never looks back. There was a lady here once that followed him ever so far, trying to make him look around, but he would n't (and she was a pretty lady, too), so she used to sit under Time's bay-window and sing to him, something like this :

“ ‘ Backward, turn backward,
O Time, in thy flight;
Make me a child again
Just for to-night.’



He tripped over the rubbers

A STORY FOR FRANCES

“The Giant Time said he could n't possibly do it; but she kept singing it over and over, till finally Time said:

“‘If I will make you a little girl again, will you give me your fine house, your servants, and your carriages?’

“‘Yes,’ said the lady, ‘you shall have them all.’

“‘Will you give me your knowledge,—the French and geography, the books and the pictures you like so much?’

“‘Yes,’ said the lady, ‘every one.’

“‘Will you give me your husband?’

“‘No,’ said the lady, ‘I will not give you my husband.’

“‘Then I can't make you a little girl again,’ said Time; ‘but I will speak to the Great White Stork, and he will give you a little girl of your own. That will not be quite the same as being one yourself, but you will like it better, so do not cry any more.’”

A STORY FOR FRANCES

“That is an interesting story,” said the Man, “but I am afraid we shall be late to the trial.”

“Perhaps not,” said the crow, “for the court-house where the trial is held is just back of Time’s castle, so they are always behind Time, you see, and very likely they haven’t begun yet.”

Then the crow lighted on the roof of the court-house, and the man slid off his back and down the chimney into the open fireplace of a great throne-room all carpeted with crimson velvet.

The Chief Justice sat on the throne, and



*He will give you a little girl of
your own*

A STORY FOR FRANCES

on each side of him were growing six crimson and gold tulips with their blossoms tightly closed.

“Let the prisoner be brought in,” said the Chief Justice; and as he spoke the twelve tulips slowly opened and in each sat a little man. These were the twelve jury-men, who had never seen the light of day until the tulips opened, so they made excellent jury-men, as they knew absolutely nothing.

Then there was a great whirr-rr-rr — and the Great White Stork flew in, carrying in his bill a little girl who looked very scared.

“What has this child done?” asked the Chief Justice.

“She was playing hide-and-seek, and she peeked,” said the Stork.

“That is a dreadful thing. Can you bring any witnesses that saw her peek?” said the Chief Justice.



On each side of him were growing six crimson and gold tulips

A STORY FOR FRANCES

Then the Stork called in the Electric Light Pole, who said:

“This little girl was leaning against me and making believe blind her eyes, but I saw her peek and watch where the other children hid.”

Then the Stork called in an automobile, which said:

“I was standing in the road, waiting for my master, and I saw this little girl peek.”

“She is guilty,” cried out all the twelve tulips, and the Chief Justice said:

“Let the Darning-Needle sew up her eyes so that she cannot tell light from darkness for a week and a day.”

While the Darning-Needle was sewing up her eyes, the Court Poet recited some of his newest verses:

“There was an old ape in Peru
Who painted his children all blue.

A STORY FOR FRANCES

When his wife said, 'My dear,
Don't you think they look queer?'
He said, 'Well, I don't know
But what they do.'"

"A sore-hipped hippopotamus,
Quite flustered,
Objected to a poultice
Made of custard.
Can't you put on my hip
Something else than this flip?
So they put on his hip a pot
O' mustard."

"Why, how you have grown! You are fine and tall," the Man heard some one say, and behold! there was the fairy. The Man was delighted to see her again, and went with her gladly while she unlocked a door with a big iron key and entered a room filled with tables. There were pretty little round tables, plain tables, and carved tables, big square wooden tables, and marble tables.

"This is the arithmetic room, and these

A STORY FOR FRANCES

are the multiplication tables," said the fairy.
"I come in and brush the dust off now and



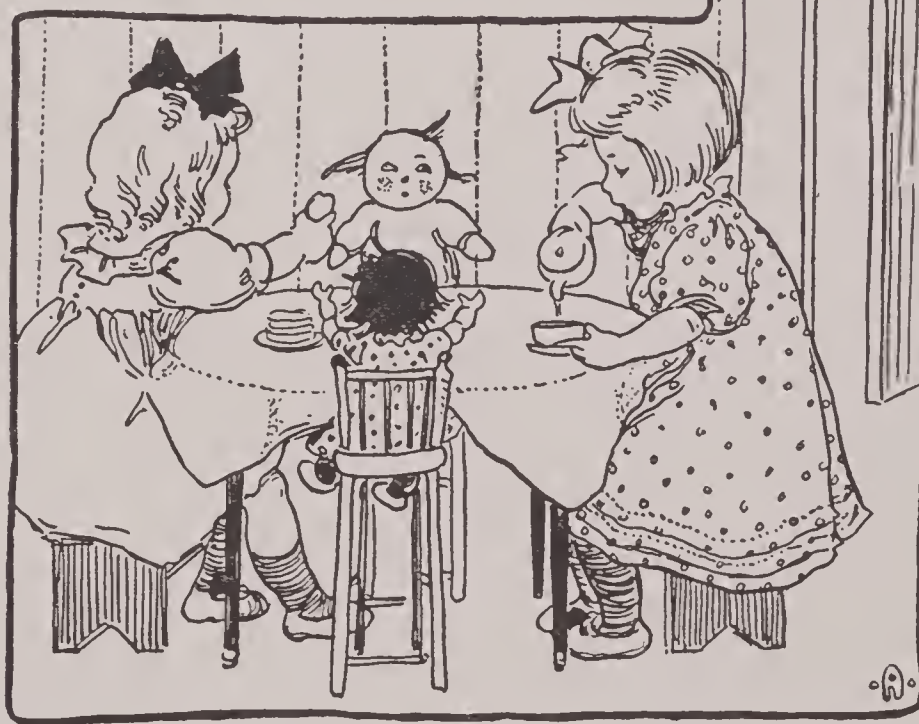
"This one," said she . . . "is the table of twelves"

then to please the Three Wise Men of Gotham. This one," said she, laying her wand on a very long homely table, "is the

A STORY FOR FRANCES

table of twelves. It is all of solid adamant and very hard. Just knock on it and see how hard it is.”

The Man knocked on the table, and at once the fairy and all the tables disappeared, and the Man found himself in his own armchair, rapping with his hand on his own table beside him.



Having a tea-party

A STORY FOR FRANCES

“Why, how still it is! I wonder where the children have all gone,” said he. Then he went upstairs and found his own little girl having a tea-party with her schoolmates and their dolls.

“I think I will stay to the party,” he said, “and to-morrow I will give you a big new tea-set of white china with pink roses on it.”

Then all the little girls clapped their hands and drank a great many cups of tea, and said it was the nicest tea-party they had ever had.



THE
ENCHANTED ELEPHANT



It was dark in the library. Only the light of the hearth-fire flickered uncertainly over the ornaments on the mantel. It shone on Bimbo's metal sides and sent a wicked gleam into his little red eyes. Now Bimbo was a silver elephant about eight inches high, studded here and there with dull red and blue glass pieces about as big as a ten-cent piece. He had come from Grieve, Chump and Woe's antique silver department, and before that he had lived — but we shall hear of that by and by.

Paul stood watching him, his hands behind his back.

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

“Do you know, Paul,” he said, “this is a very uncivil country. I have lived here two years and not a soul has bowed to me.”

“But why should anybody bow to you?” said Paul in surprise.

“Why, indeed! Did I not live in the Temple of Mahaveranja hundreds of years? Ah, those were happy days, when the priests all in white robes, with great white turbans on their heads, would come into the temple and bow way down till their foreheads touched the ground in front of the altar. Then they would burn some fine red powder in a silver dish and I would breathe in the delicious sweet smell of the smoke.

“It’s lonely here, too,—no one worth talking to except this fellow here;” and he motioned backwards over his shoulder with his trunk towards the image of a Pueblo Rain-God, that sat up very straight, with its legs pointing straight ahead, and its arms

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

folded tight, and looked neither to the right nor to the left.



“He came from a temple in Mexico, you see, and he knows what it is to be bowed to. Still, the bowing and the loneliness, — that is not the worst, — but Shazeerah!”

“What was that?” said Paul.

“It was n’t a *that*; it was a *she*,” said Bimbo, “and she had the most beautiful eyes in the world.”

“Brown?” asked Paul.

“No, blue and green and bronze and purple, and such a lot of them!”

“Why,” said Paul, “most persons have only two.”

“Person!” said the elephant. “Who said anything about a person? Shazeerah was



Paul stood watching him

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

a peacock. She belonged to the high-priest, and used to walk in the temple yard. The wind would blow sweet flower perfumes through the temple windows, and Shazeerah would flash all her eyes in the sun, and then she would come under the window and we would talk."

"Why did you come away?" asked Paul.

"Because," said Bimbo, "one night when it was the high-priest's turn to burn incense before the altar, he lifted me through the temple window and a man outside reached up and took me. He gave the priest some shining gold-pieces, and then he wrapped me up in a soft thick cloth, and I saw no more till I was opened in the big store where your father bought me. Say, Paul, suppose we take a run over there. I feel as if I must see the temple again."

"But it is so far, you will be weary."

"Oh, no, for I am going towards what I

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

love. Just lift me down to the floor. Now press the blue stud on my left shoulder.”

Paul did so, and at once Bimbo grew and grew, till he filled the large room, a full-grown elephant. He picked Paul up on his tusks and started, but when he tried to go through the door his great sides stuck fast, and squeeze as hard as he could he could n't move one way or the other.

“Dear, dear,” he said, “how stupid of me! I ought to have got out of the house first. Climb up over my head and press the red stud on my right hip.”

So Paul scrambled over the great forehead of the elephant and pressed the button. Down shrank Bimbo till he was only a little silver image again. Then he easily slipped out into the yard, where Paul once more pressed the blue button on his shoulder, and Bimbo grew large and strong again. Taking Paul on his tusks, he started off at

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

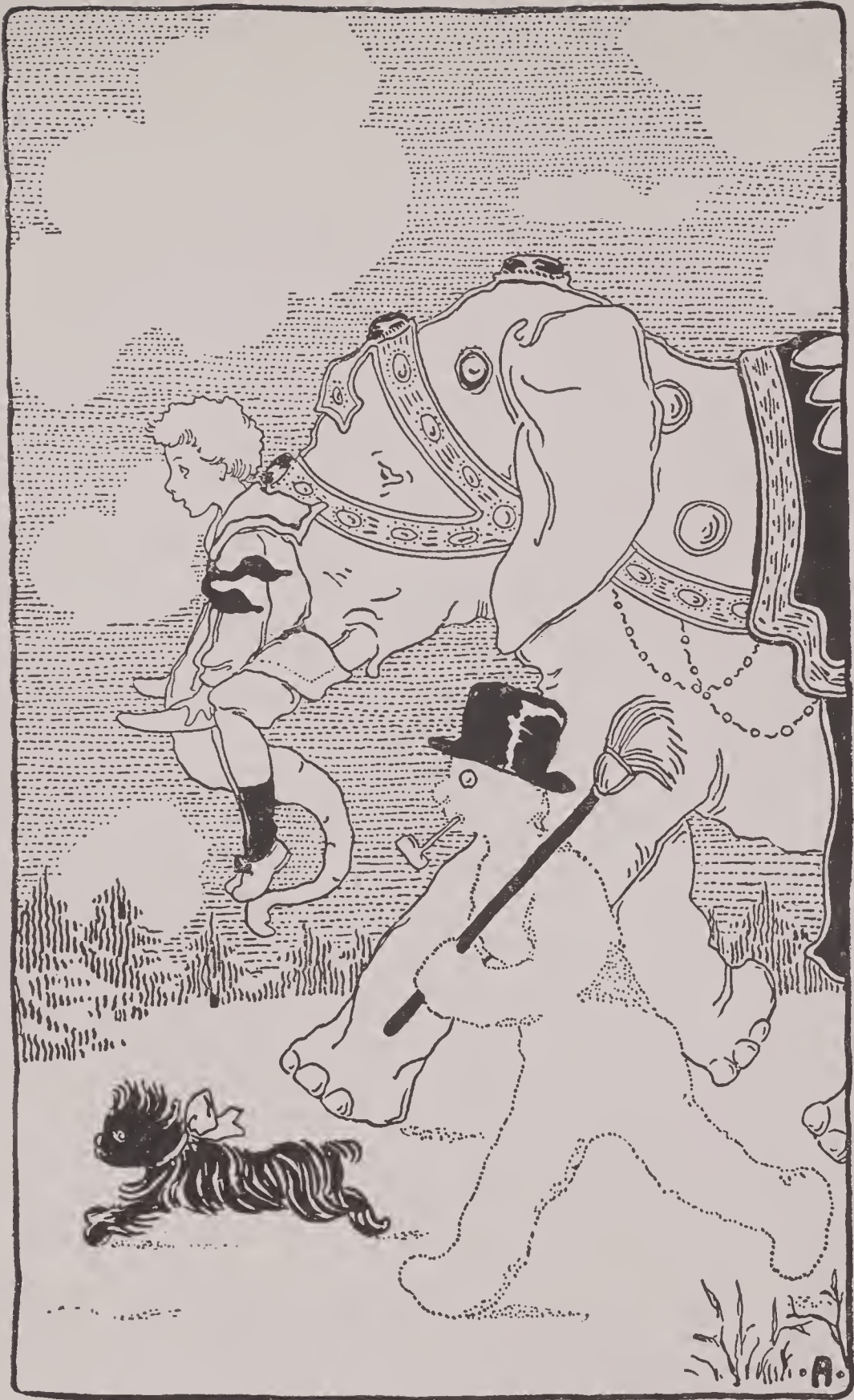
a rapid trot, when suddenly there was a great yelping, and a silky little black poodle-dog came frisking around them. "Go back, Totzo, go back," said Paul; but Totzo wanted to go too, and refused to go back. He ran and jumped till he was quite out of breath and his little pink tongue hung out of his mouth.

As they passed out of the gate, the Snow-man that Paul had made that day called out, "What! little boy, are you going to leave me?" and he too ran along beside Bimbo.

On they went, Paul and Bimbo and Totzo and the Snow-man, till soon they had left winter behind them and the leaves were thick on the trees and the fields were full of blossoming flowers.

"Is it not beautiful?" said Paul.

"I suppose so," said the Snow-man, "but some way the climate does n't seem to agree with me. I feel quite ill and weak."



On they went, Paul and Bimbo and Totzo and the Snow-man

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

Then Paul noticed that the Snow-man had really grown very thin, and he persuaded Bimbo to rest on the edge of a great forest till morning.

Paul took Totzo in his arms and went to sleep with the Snow-man beside him, while Bimbo talked over old times with a white cockatoo that perched in the tree above.

Soon Paul heard Bimbo saying :

“Come, see those streaks of light in the sky. That is the Dawn, and we are going to meet it.”

Paul jumped up, Totzo frisked around, but where, oh, where, was the Snow-man? He was nowhere to be seen. The White Cockatoo said that he had gone into a decline, but Bimbo would not wait for Paul to find out where that was, so he never knew just what became of the Snow-man.

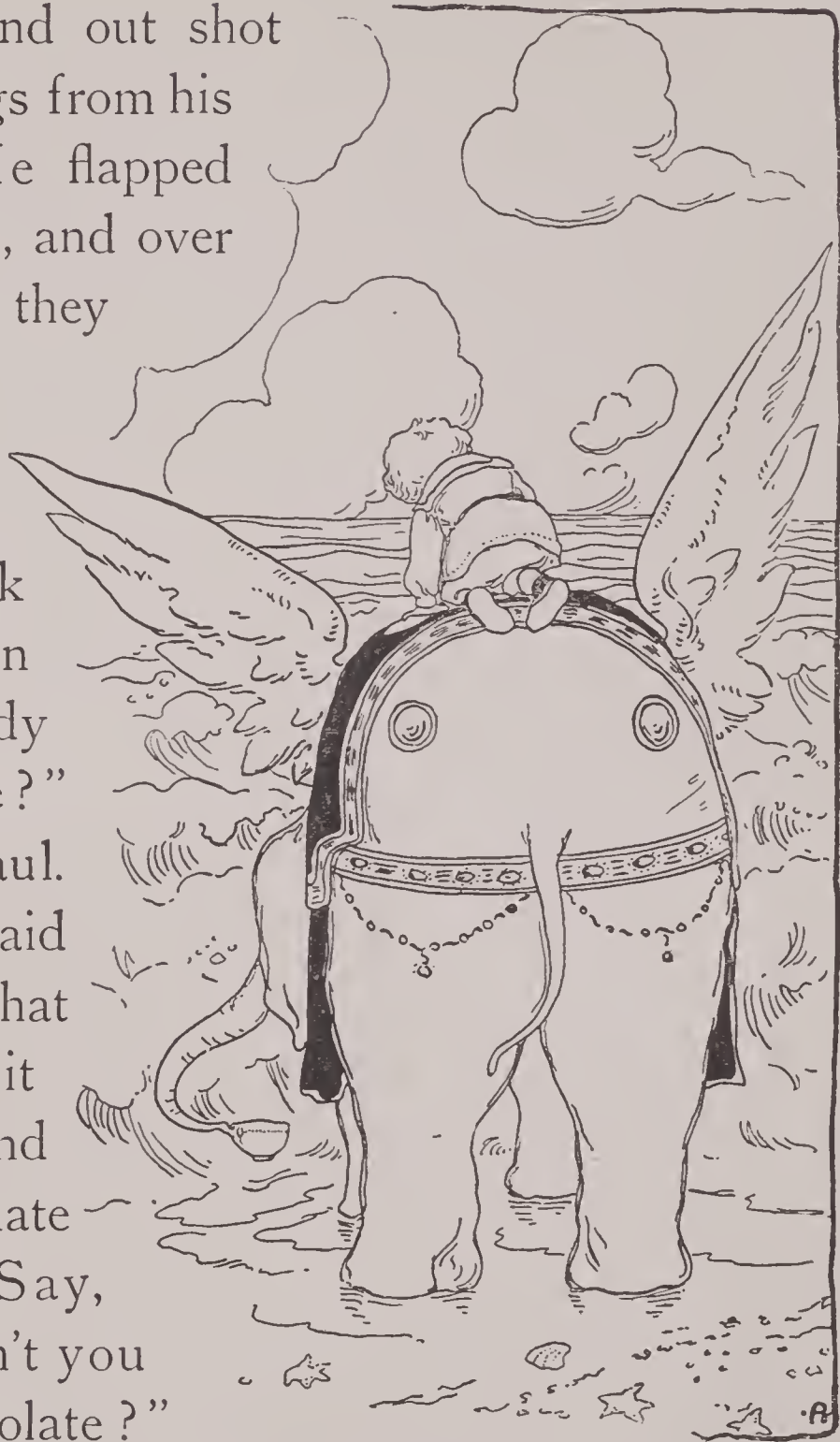
By and by they came to some water. “Press the blue stud in my forehead,” said

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

Bimbo; and out shot great wings from his sides. He flapped them hard, and over the waves they flew.

“What makes the water look all brown and muddy over there?” asked Paul.

“Oh,” said Bimbo, “that is where it rolls around the Chocolate Reefs. Say, Paul, don’t you love chocolate?”



He dipped up several cups of hot chocolate

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

“No,” said Paul; “my mother says you must n’t love anything that has n’t a face, but I enjoy eating it very much.”

“Then we’ll stop at the Chocolate Isles;” and Bimbo flew up to the reefs, which were all of sweet chocolate, beautifully cut and carved like coral. Paul broke off great pieces and nibbled them as they flew towards the shore of the Chocolate Isles, where the ocean of hot chocolate was crashing in great foamy breakers of whipped cream.

“Oh, dear,” said Paul, “I can’t reach any without getting all wet with spray.”

“Wait a second,” said Bimbo, and, lighting on the shore, he reached out with his trunk and dipped up several cups of hot chocolate for Paul. Then they walked up Baker Street to Lowney Square. Here there was a great fountain playing constantly, and spurting great jets of chocolate soda-water into the air. The basin around the

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

fountain was full of chocolate soda-water also, that had dripped out of the open jaws of four great chocolate lions that made the fountain. Now you would suppose that all the boys and girls in the city would be crowding around the fountain, but you see soda-water was so common in the Chocolate Isles that nobody thought anything of it, and there was n't a soul at the fountain except one old man, almost blind, leaning on a chocolate cane and holding a big basket of bread-and-butter which he was selling at a penny a slice. A little boy came up to buy a slice.

“Why,” said Paul, “do you really spend your pennies for bread-and-butter?”

“Oh, yes,” said the child; “it's a great treat here.”

“Well, well,” said Paul, “I've often heard my mother say, ‘If you're hungry, you can eat bread-and-butter,’ but I always thought she was mistaken.”

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

Now the sun was getting very hot, and Paul was delighted, when they came to the soldier's monument, to see that it was all made of chocolate ice-cream.

“You can eat all you like,” said Bimbo, “for the cream would melt anyway, and they have to have a new monument every day.”

This day it happened to be in the shape of three women, — Faith, Hope, and Charity. Paul ate several spoonfuls out of Charity and found it delicious and cool, just as cold as it is anywhere else.

“Now,” said Bimbo, “we will go and see the man that makes the monuments.” Then they went into a great cool room where a lot of little boys were turning ice-cream freezers and a man was drawing pictures of monuments.

“This one,” he explained to Paul, “is for to-morrow.”

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

Paul saw that it was just a very tall, narrow, chimney-like thing sticking into the air.

“That is not very pretty,” he said.

“No,” said the man, “that is n’t necessary. It only has to be tall enough and the people will like it very much. Now this one,” went on the man — but suddenly Totzo gave a spring; there was a great spitting and meowing, and they saw a chocolate cat rushing off chased by Totzo. She dashed up into a tree, and Totzo came whining back to his master with a scratch on his nose; for although she was a very sweet thing, the chocolate cat did not like dogs.

“Why,” said Bimbo, “I am afraid it is going to storm, the sky seems very dark;” and just then the great drops began to patter down.

“Oh,” cried Paul, “it is raining chocolate creams;” and he stretched out his cap to catch the drops, till soon he had more than

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

he could eat. But it was only a shower, and as the sun came out very soon Bimbo said: "I think we must be going on our way. Isn't there something you would like to take home with you?"

"Yes," said Paul, "I do want a kitty so much. Please may I have the chocolate cat?"

"If you can catch her," said Bimbo; but the chocolate cat only climbed higher into the tree.

"What!" said she, "live in the house with that horrid little dog?—I guess not;" and she leaped from branch to branch so fast that Paul only once managed to seize the end of her tail, and she snapped that off short, leaving a piece of the chocolate tail in his hand rather than be caught and go home with Totzo.

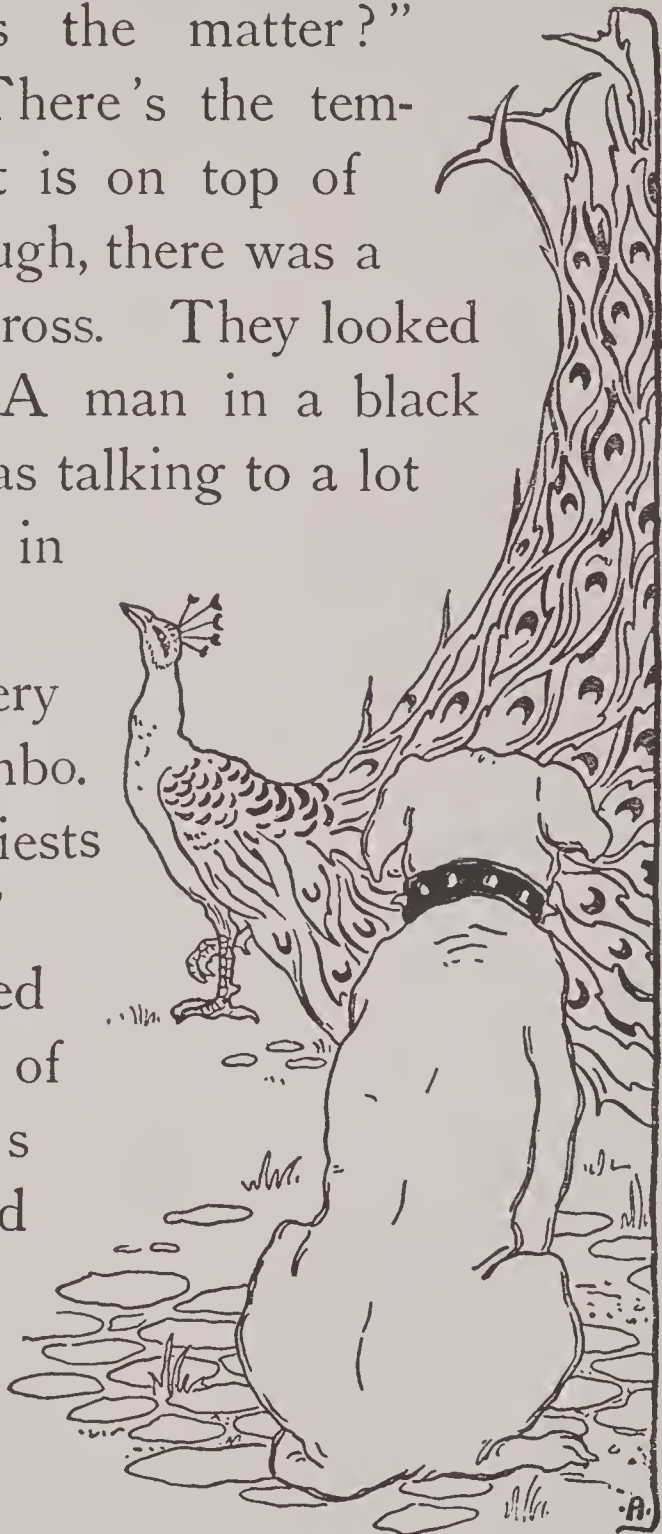
So they flew away again till domes and spires began to twinkle in the sun, and soon they alighted in a big city.

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

“Why, what’s the matter?” said Bimbo. “There’s the temple, but see what is on top of it!” and sure enough, there was a sparkling gilded cross. They looked in at the door. A man in a black and white robe was talking to a lot of people sitting in pews facing him.

“This is all very strange,” said Bimbo. “Where are the priests and the incense?”

Then he rushed into the dooryard of the high-priest’s house, but instead of Shazeerah, out rushed a big dog with a loud bow-wow-wow.



“Oh, that proud thing!”

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

“Don’t make so much noise. We are no tramps, but tell us what all this means,” said Bimbo.

“Why,” answered the dog, growing more friendly; “there was a big fuss here. The high-priest sold the temple-elephant to a foreign man and the people cut off the high-priest’s head for it. Then a lot of foreign men came, and soldiers, while the priests were quarrelling over who should be the next high-priest, and they drove off all the priests, and nailed that cross onto the temple, and now the new minister lives here and I’m his dog.”

“And what became of Shazeerah?” asked Bimbo.

“Oh, that proud thing! she used to strut and strut and never would give me a look or a word, till I got so angry that one day I pounced on her and shook her till her fine feathers were all rumped up, and she died.

THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

It was no loss. She never cared for any one but just her own self."

Now Bimbo had been living in America, so at such shocking news he just sat back on his haunches and said :

"Is — that — so!"

"Yes," said the dog, "it is."

"I want to know!" said Bimbo.

"Well, you do, don't you?" said the dog.

"Well, well, well," said Bimbo, "Shazee-rah is dead, and they don't use elephants in the temple. Dear, dear! I guess we'd better go home, Paul. They appreciate us there more than they do here. Press the stud on my forehead."

Out shot the wings again; off they flew, till an island with waving palm-trees came in view. Bimbo lighted to rest a minute.

"Run and stretch your legs a bit," he said to Paul, "but don't get far away, for these are the Cannibal Islands, and if Koma Ling

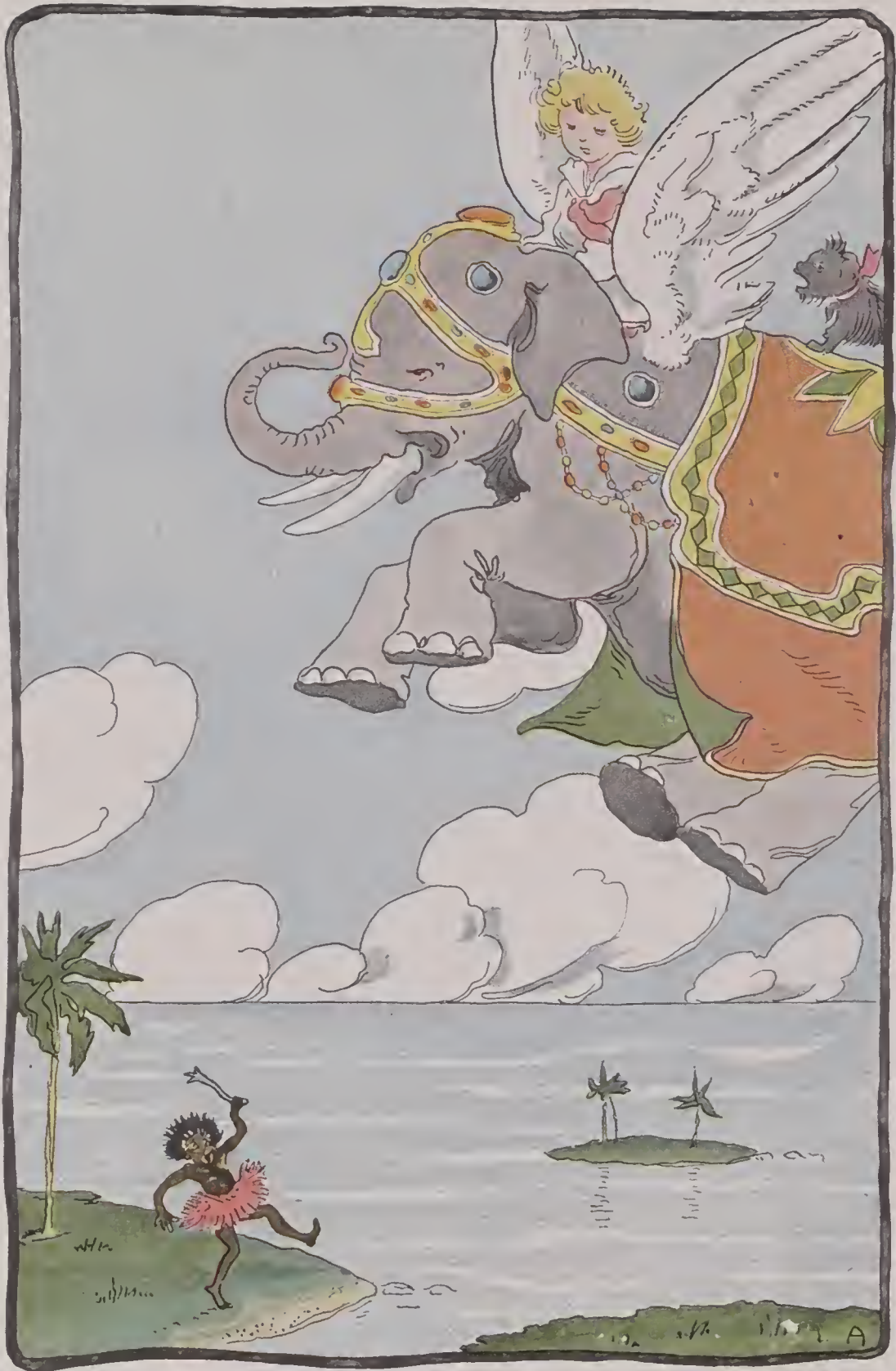
THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

King, the King of the Cannibal Islands, should get you, you would never see your mother again.”

So Paul ran about chasing a butterfly, when all at once there was a yell, and a fierce man almost like a wild beast rushed out from a thicket and caught Paul.

“Ha!” he roared; “a tender, juicy little boy! Next to stewed Missionaries there’s nothing I like so well as little boys’ fried ribs.”

He was pinching Paul’s ribs to see how fat they were, when Totzo rushed up behind and bit the heels of Koma Ling King till they bled, which so surprised the King of the Cannibal Islands that he dropped Paul, and before he could catch him again, Paul and Bimbo and Totzo had taken flight and were far away over the water; but for a long time they could hear the yells of the disappointed King of the Cannibal Islands following them.



THE ENCHANTED ELEPHANT

“You are
you think,”
almost at
felt himself
tusks to the library



nearer home than
said Bimbo, and
that moment Paul
slide off Bimbo's
floor.

“Well, Paul,” his
was saying, “we heard
a little thud, and here
we found you fallen
out of the armchair
to the floor. Come to bed now,
and finish your nap there.”

Paul took his mother's hand
and went, but as he turned
away he looked at Bimbo; and
the elephant's little red eyes
twinkled very fast in the firelight, as if he
were thinking, “We know something, don't
we, Paul?”



*He made a low bow
to Bimbo*

“Wait a minute,” said Paul; and he made
a low bow to Bimbo, and then left the room.





THE OLD LEAF



ALL the world was full of drifting leaves, — red, and yellow, and brown. A big yellow one flattened itself against the window-pane where Paul and Elsie and Ted were looking out upon a very rainy day. The leaf stuck. Paul looked at its delicate veins and fibres and then he began to talk to the leaf.

“Would n’t you like to stay green and fresh on the tree?” he said.

“It is time for us to fall,” said the leaf.

“But are n’t you sorry to fall off and have the wind blow you nobody knows where?”

“Oh, no,” said the leaf; “we have work to do still. The rain will rain on us, and

THE OLD LEAF

the snow will cover us, and we shall crumble up into rich soft leaf-mould and make food for the flowers of next year to live on. Watch in the spring and see how the roots of the plants have drawn us up into beautiful flowers.”

Then the leaf let go its hold on the window and whisked off; and one gust after another carried off more and more leaves, till, by and by, there was only one left on the tree.

Then there came some warm, sunny days; it seemed almost as if summer had decided to come back. The old leaf was dry and brown now, but day after day it clung there. When bedtime came the children would say good-night to it, and every morning they ran to the window to see if it were still there.

“Don’t you want to be like the rest and make leaf-mould?” said Paul one day; but the old leaf shook its head gently, and said:

“When the fulness of the time is come.”

THE OLD LEAF

Now Jack-Frost began to paint pictures on the window-panes,—ferns and flowers and trees, mountains and hills and waterfalls.

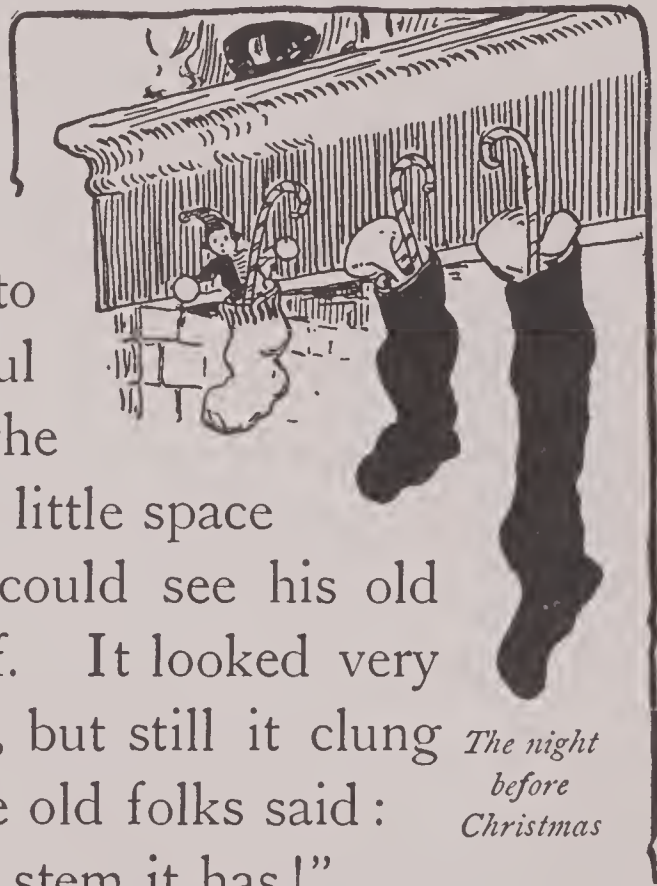
One day there was a camel, and another day a whale spouting a stream of foamy water into the air. Then Paul would breathe on the

window and rub a little space clear so that he could see his old friend, the old leaf. It looked very faded and cracked, but still it clung to its twig, and the old folks said:

“What a tough stem it has!”

But Paul thought of what the old leaf had said: “In the fulness of the time,” and was not quite sure what it meant.

Then almost before you would believe it,—it was the night before Christmas—Paul



*The night
before
Christmas*

THE OLD LEAF

and Elsie and Ted lay in bed, hearing in their dreams the patter of reindeers' hoofs on the roof, and Santa Claus shouting: "Now, Dancer, now, Prancer, — on, Cupid and Vixen!"

There hung the stockings under the mantel-piece, all knobby and wobbly, with a candy-cane sticking out of the top of every one, and a pile of presents on the floor underneath. Papa and Mamma had hardly gone to sleep when Paul and Elsie and Ted were up to look in their stockings, and oh, how long they looked, and how the wrapping-papers and twine piled up!

Now there are twenty-four hours in Christmas Day, like any other day, but they are short ones; and almost in a twinkling it was time for the turkey, and in another twinkling it was dark, and then came the tree. How perfectly splendid it was! Paul and Elsie and Ted just stared with wonder and delight



All the children . . . joined hands and danced around it

THE OLD LEAF

at the blazing candles, the strings of popcorn, and the shining gold star on top. All the children and uncles and aunts joined hands and danced around it, and sang:

“There’s a wonderful tree,
A wonderful tree,
The happy children rejoice to see,
Spreading its branches
Far and near;
It comes from the forest
To blossom here.
And this wonderful tree,
With its branches wide
Is always, is always blooming
At Christmas-tide.”

There was a gorgeous red sled on it for Paul, and so many other presents that, when at last they went to bed, even Paul fell asleep before he was fairly undressed.

By and by he woke up. It was midnight, and the house was very still. He heard the wind go whistling around the

THE OLD LEAF

corner of the house, and suddenly he remembered that he had gone to bed without saying good-night to the old leaf; and he felt very much ashamed to think that the new toys and the tree had made him forget his old friend. It was the first time he had missed, and the more he tried to go to sleep, the more he kept wondering what the old leaf had thought when no little boy came to look at it at bedtime. Paul was beginning to find out how dreadful it is to lie awake when everybody else is asleep, and think of something that you might have done in the daytime to make some one happy, — and did n't do. All of a sudden the thought came: "What if the leaf should be gone in the morning, and he should never see it again?" Then Paul could stand it no longer. He slipped out of bed and tip-toed along the big empty hall. It seemed so dark and dismal; but he fastened his eyes on the crack

THE OLD LEAF

of light that shone in at the window way at the other end, and kept on. He drew the curtain and looked out into the sky all sprinkled with cold white stars, and there, fluttering in the moonlight, was the old leaf.

“Oh,” said Paul, “I am so glad; I was afraid you might be gone. Good-night, dear leaf;” and just then off dropped the old leaf and fluttered straight towards Paul. It struck the window with a sharp tap. “Good-bye, Paul. Go to sleep now,” it said, and then it sailed off.

“Good-bye, good-bye,” he called, and watched it patter over the white fields of snow far out of sight. Then Paul crept back to bed again, and when it came morning the other children cried out, “Oh, look! the old leaf is gone!” but Paul said nothing. He knew all about it.

“Oh, there’s a snowflake,” cried Elsie.

“Where?” said Paul; “I don’t see any.”

THE OLD LEAF

“Yes, there’s one, or is it a piece of paper? No, it’s a snowflake, and there’s another,” and there really were little white specks now and then in the air. Pretty soon a lot of them began to dart by the window, and dodge into corners and cracks. Faster and faster they chased each other, till the air was full of dancing white flakes. They buried the fences, and dressed up the posts with white hoods, and bent



Paul worked very hard

the branches of the trees and bushes way down with the weight of snow trimming. Paul sat in the house and wished he had something to do; his mamma told him ever

THE OLD LEAF

so many things to do, but he did n't like any of those. Finally he arranged Pussy and her four kittens on the table and sat down



What she saw was this

to draw their pictures. They looked as pretty as could be.

Paul worked very hard. The kittens would get up and run off every little while, but at last, with a great deal of patting and coaxing, Paul made them stay long enough for him to draw the picture.

Then he took it to mamma to look at. What she saw was this.

The snowflakes kept whisking down all that day and night, and then in the morning how the world glittered in the sun! There

THE OLD LEAF

was a great snow mountain right in front of the door, and Paul rushed out in his new sweater to make a path. He tossed the snow right and left, and papa helped some, so that there was soon a fine path to the gate.

But frost and cold cannot last forever, and before long there was left only a mere dirty fringe of snow under the fences here and there. Then, — oh, then, Paul went into the woods, way out into the hill-country, to make — what do you suppose? Real maple sugar! Now, the sap-camp was a rough little shanty; the walls were black and smoky, and there were only hard benches to rest on instead of rocking-chairs, but Paul thought it was the jolliest place in the world. The woods were full of the calls of birds that had decided to go to housekeeping at once. Bluejays screamed at him from pine trees; crows cawed to each other to come and see

THE OLD LEAF

the little boy that had come with the men this year; little brown hares scampered about, and every little while Paul would catch the twinkle of sharp eyes behind a fallen log. Once there was a whisk of a red tail, and Mr. Fox scurried by, and one morning a deer,—a real deer, with branching horns and soft velvety eyes, came right into the clearing. Paul would have fed it, but away it bounded again into the woods.

In the morning the men drove spikes into the fine old maple trees, and hung the sap-buckets there. Then they waited while the warm spring sun sent the sap trickling through the trees, and it drip, drip, dripped, till the buckets were full.

Then the boiling over great fires, till the bubbling mass of syrup was just right, and the men poured it off to cool into maple sugar, like the cakes that any little boy or girl has seen piled up in the grocery stores.

THE OLD LEAF



There was a whisk of a red tail, and Mr. Fox scurried by

And now that the “sugarin’ off” was done, Paul came home, the stickiest, sugariest, happiest boy in the world.

Robin Redbreast kept sending out good

THE OLD LEAF

clear bugle notes of warning that spring was on the way, but it came too slowly for Paul, and so he went out to meet the spring; for he had learned what a great many older people don't know, that you can oftentimes get rid of winter if you are only willing to go out and look for spring. As he looked sharply this way and that, there in a tangle of glossy bronze leaves were the most beautiful pink and white flowers!

“Oh,” said Paul, and he knelt right down and buried his face in their sweet blossoms, “Oh, where did you come from?”

Then a blossom whispered in his ear, “I am the old leaf.” Then Paul remembered how the leaf that stuck to the window-pane had said that they were going to make leaf-mould, and for Paul to watch for them in the spring, and as he picked the beautiful arbutus, he was no longer sorry that the old leaf had had to fall from the tree.

THE OLD LEAF

When Paul got home he went upstairs and looked out of the window again at the tree. It stood in a soft pink haze of swelling buds, and there on the topmost twig where the old leaf had clung, a delicate pale-green, crinkly leaf had unfurled.

THE
ARKONAUTIC
• EXPEDITION •

• SAILS • TO • DAY •
• APPLY • AT • THE • ARK •



THE
ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION



HERE was a clattering sound in the nursery, and a hurried patter, patter, patter, as if a great many feet were running to a fire, and then a voice said: “Whoa! back! sh—!”

Paul opened the door and saw a strange sight. Ted's Noah's Ark was standing in the centre of the room, and all the animals were trotting about as they pleased. Noah and his wife and his sons and their wives were running distractedly around, looking very much worried, and there was a general air of confusion. A cream-colored rabbit with pink eyes and unusually long ears sat

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

up on his haunches nibbling a piece of toasted bread which it held in one paw, while with the other it wiped away the tears that trickled down its face.

“What is the matter?” asked Paul. The cream-colored rabbit only shook its head and waved a paw as if to fan Paul away.

“What is the matter? Do tell me,” said Paul again. But the rabbit shook his head again, and put one paw behind his ear as if to hear better.

“He must be deaf,” thought Paul. “What — is — the — matter?” he shouted again.

“Don’t talk to that fellow,” said Shem; “he can’t understand you. He’s Welsh.”

“But I want to find out how it is that after Ted and I put you into the ark and shut the door, you are all running around the room; and what is Ham looking for under the sofa?”

“Why, you see,” said Shem, “Japheth is



ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

lost. He has n't been home since morning, and we can't imagine what has become of him. I must go to hunting again."

"Don't stand there talking! if you can't help, get out of the way," cried Ham's wife, dashing by Paul.

The Welsh Rabbit took another bite of toasted bread and sobbed aloud, while all the family of Noah began to scurry about anew, except Mrs. Shem, who stood stiff and motionless without stirring a muscle.

"She does n't know what it's all about," explained Noah; "she has n't any head, you see, and so we can't make her understand."

Then Paul remembered that one day Mrs. Shem had rolled under the rocker of his chair, and he had snapped her head off; so there stood the poor lady unable to take part in the hunt. Every one else was busy. Even the Zebra, who had lost a leg, hopped around

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

on three legs as best he could, but no Japheth was to be found.

“Why don’t you advertise?” suggested Paul; “that’s what my father did when Totzo was lost, and a man brought him back.”

“How do you advertise?” asked Noah.

“I think you put a sign in the window,” said Paul. “I have seen them in people’s houses, and I’ll make you one if you want me to.”

“Well, do, then,” said Mrs. Noah; and Paul printed some letters on a piece of white paper and pinned it up on the ark.

“That is very plain,” said Shem.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN,
A WOODEN JAPHETH.

Inquire within.

“But supposing any one should come in to inquire where he is, we don’t know where he is ourselves,” said Ham.

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

“I know it,” said Paul, “but it always says *Inquire within* on the cards in the windows. Now let us put on our thinking-caps and think what to do next.”

So Mrs. Noah went into the ark and brought out the thinking-caps, which they all pulled down over their eyes, and then they thought and thought and thought.

Finally Shem said, “Let us go and ask the big furnace in the cellar. He was always a warm friend of ours, and perhaps he will help us.”

“Wait a minute,” said Paul. “My mother says, ‘Second thoughts are best.’ Let us put on the thinking-caps once more, and see what we should do on second thought.”

So they all clapped on the caps again, and pretty soon Paul said :

“The house-maid was sweeping here this morning, and perhaps Japheth got into the dust-pan ; go and look in the ash-barrel.”

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

“Why, of course, of course, the ash-barrel,” they shouted, and clattered away to the cellar stairs, all but Shem’s wife, who still kept her stand in front of the ark, and appeared not to have noticed their departure. But when they looked down into the cellar it was so dark that Noah could n’t see the back of his own neck, and he called a halt.

“We shall have to go back after the ark-light,” he said.

So back they marched to the ark, and Ham and Shem together carried the ark-light, which made it perfectly easy for them to see everything in the cellar. They began to empty the things out of the ash-barrel, when they heard a weak voice calling, “Hurry up, and get those things off of me before I am smothered.” Then Paul threw the papers and broken toys faster than ever, and soon they could see Japheth. He was lying under an old shoe, but they jerked him

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

out and brushed off the dust and begged him to tell them how he came to be carried away in the dust-pan.

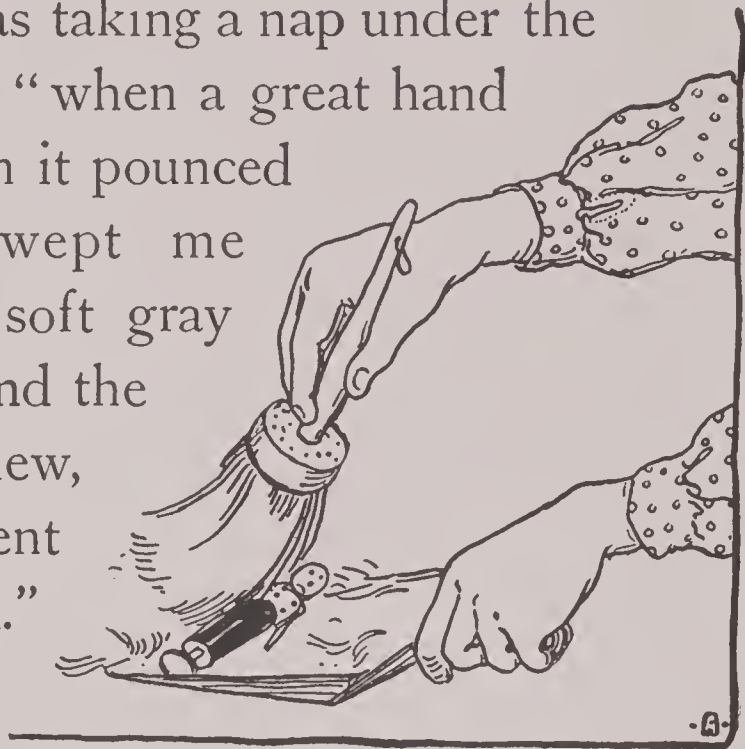
“Why, I was taking a nap under the table,” he said, “when a great hand with a brush in it pounced down and swept me along among soft gray rolls of dust, and the first thing I knew, — pop! we went into this barrel.”

“Well, I’m glad you are found, for now

we can start on the expedition,” said Noah.

“What expedition?” asked Paul.

“Oh, we are ark-æologists, you know, and we were just going to start on an ark-æological expedition when we missed Japheth. Come on, now, and launch the ark.”



Swept me along among soft gray rolls of dust

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

“Where are you going to launch it?”

“In the brook back of the house. Come on.”

“I’ll carry the ark for you,” said Paul, and they all started off, with the ark tucked under Paul’s arm.

But they had gone only a little way when there was a loud boo-hooing, and it turned out that the Welsh Rabbit had eaten up all his toasted bread and they had forgotten to bring any more.

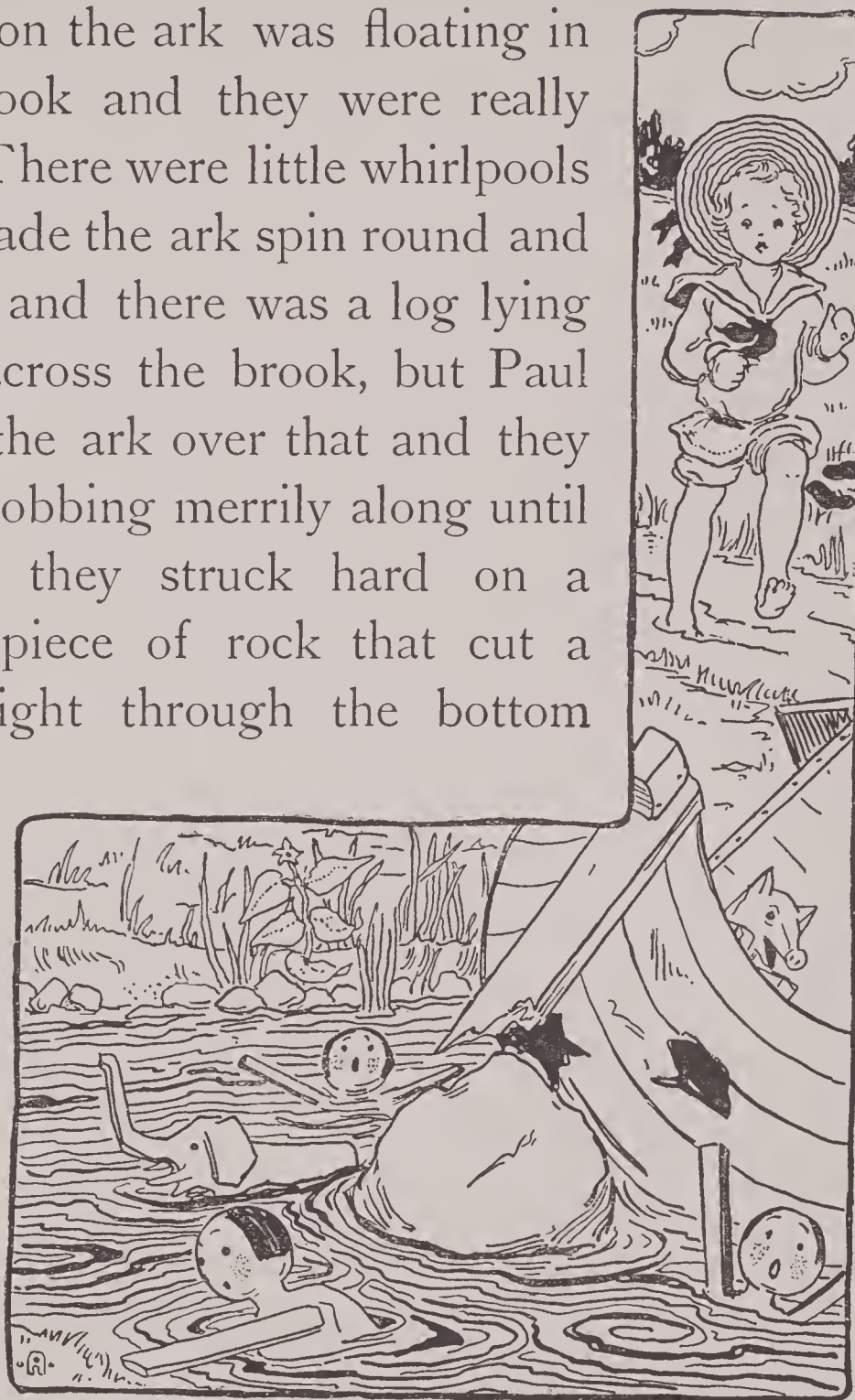
“What shall we do?” asked Noah. “We shall either have to leave him behind or else go back and get some, for a Welsh Rabbit without toasted bread is good for nothing.”

“There’s some in the bread-box in the pantry,” said Paul.

“I’ll get it,” spoke up the mouse, “for I know the way to get into the pantry.” So the mouse ran and brought back the toasted bread, and the Welsh Rabbit stopped crying,

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

and soon the ark was floating in the brook and they were really off. There were little whirlpools that made the ark spin round and round, and there was a log lying right across the brook, but Paul lifted the ark over that and they went bobbing merrily along until crash! they struck hard on a sharp piece of rock that cut a hole right through the bottom



They had to swim for their lives

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

of the ark so that the water came pouring in and they had to swim for their lives.

When they got to shore the blue paint was all washed off Ham's trousers and there were red streaks on Mrs. Japheth's face. The buttons had all been taken off Noah's coat, and all the spots on the leopard were gone, which is a very extraordinary thing, as the leopard has never been known to change its spots before.

"But we are all alive," said Paul, "and we ought to be thankful for small things."

Now it was impossible to go any further in the ruined ark, but just then Shem had a bright idea.

"I should n't wonder if the night-mare came along pretty soon," he said. "It's very apt to follow after the Welsh Rabbit, and we can get a ride perhaps."

Sure enough, there was the sound of horses' hoofs, and up galloped a great, gaunt,

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

jet-black horse with white mane and tail and hoofs that were as large round as a small wash-tub.

“Give us a ride, will you?” they all cried; and seeing his friend the Welsh Rabbit, the night-mare consented to let them scramble up onto his back.

“We shall have to go west,” said Ham, “because the sun will soon be coming up in the east and the night-mare can’t travel by daylight.”

The night-mare gave a shrill whinny and galloped off towards the west. They were riding over a wide prairie when suddenly, in the moonlight, a black shape appeared on the horizon and came rapidly toward them. Paul saw that it was a solitary rider sitting very straight in the saddle and using no reins at all, although the horse was coming at full speed.

“Here’s Young Lochinvar coming out of the west,” said Japheth.

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

Young Lochinvar dashed by with a “Whoop—hullo!” and Paul saw that he had no arms like other people.

“What a handsome fellow he would be,” said Paul, “if he only had some arms!”

“Oh, he always goes like that; he rides ‘all un-armed and he rides all alone,’” and then Paul saw strapped on the saddle behind Young Lochinvar a pair of arms with white kid gloves on the hands, as if they were going to a ball. The night-mare now began to go more and more slowly, for as the morning comes he loses all his strength. At last he stopped altogether.

“I will put you down here,” he said. “Do you see that black line that stretches ahead as far as you can see? That is the Equator. Just follow that and you will come back here all right and I will take you home again, but be sure not to step off the line or you will lose your way and never find this spot again.”



They were in terror lest they should step off and lose their way

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

Then he sprang straight up into the air and vanished.

Then Noah and his wife and his sons and their wives and Paul and all the animals took up their march along the Equator. They lifted their feet very carefully and aimed them again with great precision at the black line, for they were in terror lest they should step off and lose their way. For greater safety they took a long rope and each one knotted it tight around his waist and passed it on to the next man, who, after leaving a good space between them, tied it around his own waist, and so on, — just as people do who are climbing a dangerous mountain or glacier. Then if any one of them should slip off, he depended on the rest to pull him back by the rope.

They had proceeded some distance in this fashion when they came upon a boy sprawling across the Equator, face down, and

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

groping around with his hands as if to find something.

“Come, get up,” said Noah; “don’t you see you are blocking the track?”

“I can’t help it,” said the boy, “I’ve lost my balance and I can’t get up or go on till I find it. Every time I start, I fall down again.”

“There’s your balance behind that tree,” said Ham; and without thinking he stepped off the Equator and picked up a tiny pair of scales that lay on the ground. Then was seen the advantage of the rope, for they hauled him back into line, and as soon as the boy got his balance he jumped up and ran off, leaving the track clear.

“I think it’s about time we were beginning to dig,” said Shem. “Ark-æologists are always digging for things, you know,” he explained to Paul.

Now when the ark was wrecked they had

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

lost all their shovels and pickaxes, but they pulled up plants and burrowed with their fingers in the loosened earth. It was full of roots, and every little rootlet had a small



With a tremendous tug he brought it up

ivory cube dangling on it like the dice that Paul played Parchisi with, or else an ivory square about the size of a postage-stamp.

They were extracting these square and cube roots as fast as they could, and filling their pockets, when Paul happened to get hold of a bush that resisted all his strength and refused to be pulled up.

At last, with a tremendous tug he brought it up, and there, twinkling among the roots were scores of five-dollar gold pieces.

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

“That’s why it came so hard,” he thought.

“Let that alone, Paul,” cried Noah and Ham and Shem and Japheth.

“Let that bush alone,” echoed the wives.
“It’s the root of all evil.”

Paul hastily dropped the shrub.

“Who’s that woman coming along the Equator?” he asked.

“Oh, my goodness! It’s Joan,” they cried.

“Joan who?” asked Paul.

“Joan of Ark, of course. She belongs to us, but she’s always running off to help the Dauphin. That’s the Dauphin behind Joan.”

Up they came, the Dauphin very much frightened at seeing so many strange people. He clung tight to Joan’s skirts and hung back, twisting his fingers about in his mouth.

“Say, Joan, the ark is all broken,” they cried.

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION



*Joan was looking dreamily over
their heads*

Joan was looking dreamily over their heads, as if she only half heard what they said.

“Is that so? Well, I’d rather live in Orleans, anyway;” and she wandered on.

“I’m getting tired,” said Mrs. Noah. “It does n’t seem as if I could possibly walk way round the world on this Equator. Let’s go back the way we came.”

“We shall have to walk backwards,” said

Shem, “but it’s a good deal shorter.”

So they backed along the Equator till they came to the spot where the night-mare

ARKONAUTIC EXPEDITION

had left them. They had used up so much time on the expedition that they had only a few minutes to wait before the night-mare appeared.

“Hurry up. I have so many houses to visit to-night, I can't wait,” it said.

Hardly waiting for them to mount, it dashed away, and, if you listen to-night, perhaps you will hear the hoof-beats of the night-mare bringing back the ark-æologists.

• IN THE MIZ •



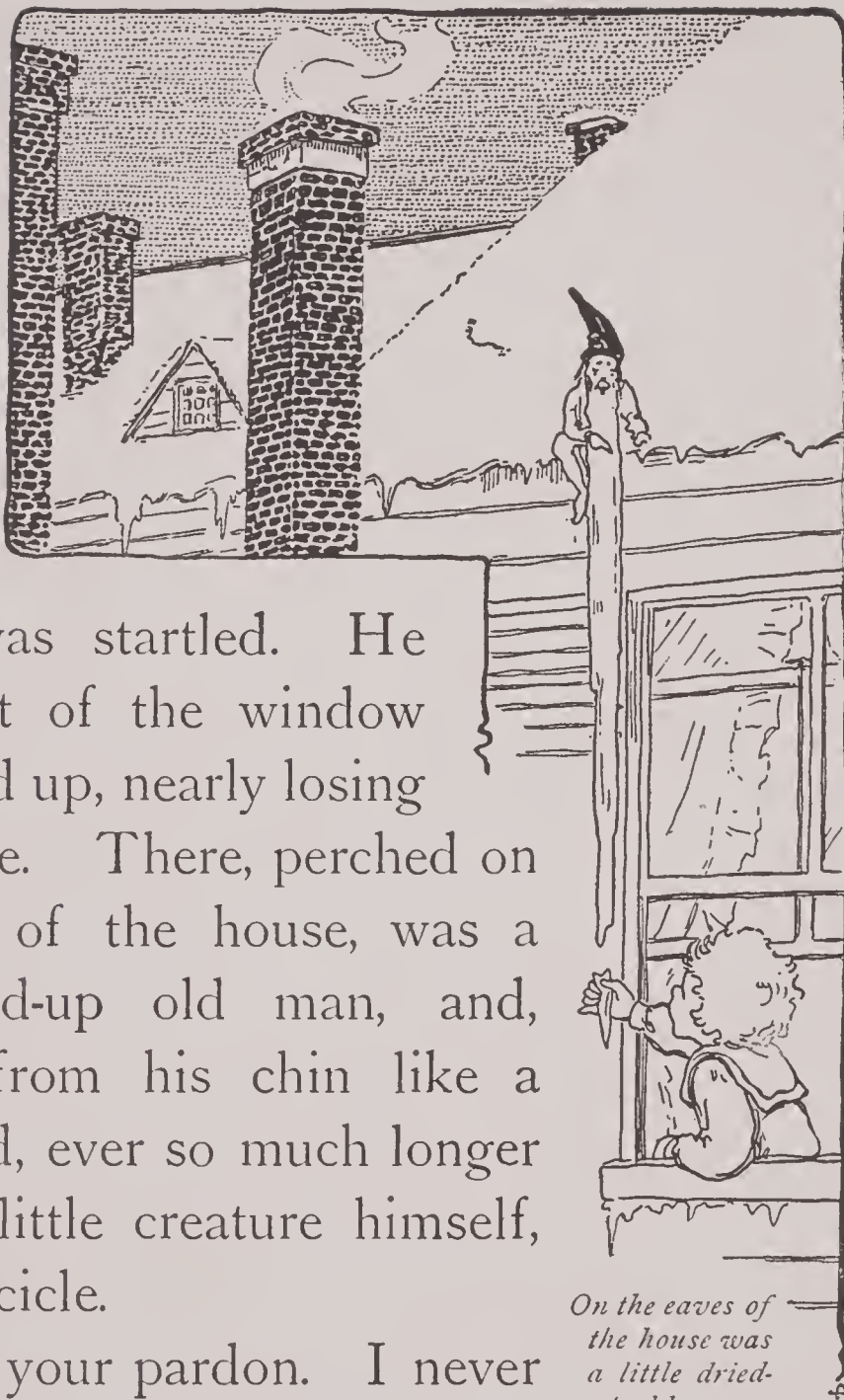
IN THE MIZ



THE gutters were choked with deep, soft, white slush; the streets were broad rivers, and holes where horses' feet had sunk in stood like little wells filled with icy water. There was a steady drip from the great icicle on the corner of the house, and Paul was amusing himself by seeing how many he could count after a drop fell before another was ready to follow it. At last he opened the window and snapped off the end of the icicle, it looked so slender and brittle.

“Oh, my goodness!” said a thin, sharp voice, “you’ve pulled out a handful of my beard.”

IN THE MIZ



Paul was startled. He leaned out of the window and looked up, nearly losing his balance. There, perched on the eaves of the house, was a little dried-up old man, and, hanging from his chin like a gray beard, ever so much longer than the little creature himself, was the icicle.

“I beg your pardon. I never thought of such a thing as the icicle—I mean the beard—being hitched

*On the eaves of
the house was
a little dried-
up old man*

IN THE MIZ

to anything, and, really, you know, it was only a small piece."

"Yes, thank Fortune," said the little man. "Only look at those poor fellows over there!" and he pointed to the house next door where sat a row of little people like himself with only the stump of an icicle left on their chins. "The housemaid came with a broom-handle, and whack, whack, whack she went till she had knocked them all off. It is sad to see them



"The housemaid came with a broom-handle"

IN THE MIZ

sitting there looking so disfigured and homely without any beards.”

“ You have been here several days,” said Paul.

“ Yes, I came into town on the Green Mountain Flyer ; that’s the train, you know. I was hanging onto the edge of the car. We ran into a snow-storm and stayed all night with the nose of the engine in a big drift. Then a lot of men came with shovels and another engine, and we pulled in with the two great engines panting and snorting and the windows all covered with frost pictures and snow. The people all looked very pale and worn, for they were hungry and cold and tired. Then the cars were sent into the yard to be cleaned for another trip and I skipped off and hung myself onto the north side of the church tower on the Common. It was the night before Christmas, and very soon a tall boy with bright

IN THE MIZ

brown eyes came running up the steps inside the tower. Just then the clock struck twelve, and the boy began to ring the bells with all his might to tell the city that it was Christmas morning."

"What did the bells say?" asked Paul.

"Oh," said the little man, "they said:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
'Good tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

"'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands
And in a manger laid.'"

IN THE MIZ

Then after he had rung the bells the boy went away, and I was very lonesome, he was such a nice boy. But he came again the next day, and twice on Sunday, and I grew very fond of him. It will be ten years before I can come here again, but when I do come I shall look first of all to see if he is the same fine boy. Oh, Paul, I should feel terribly if anything should happen to that boy with the bright brown eyes."

"How long shall you stay here?" asked Paul.

"That depends. I heard your grandmother say that she thought this was the January thaw, and if it is, I must be going."

"How shall you go?"

"Oh, the thermometer will go up and I shall go with it."

"Up where?" asked Paul.

"Up to the North Pole, of course, where I belong."

IN THE MIZ

“Where is the North Pole?” questioned Paul again.

“For pity’s sake,” said the Icicle, “do you study geography and not know where the North Pole is?”

“Why, nobody knows,” said Paul; “people keep hunting for it all the time, and although a great many men have lost their lives, no one has ever found the pole.”

“It’s plain enough,” said the Icicle. “It sticks right up out of the ground.”

“Is the scenery pretty up there?” asked Paul.

“I don’t know,” answered his new friend; “I never saw it. You see the snow and ice cover up all the scenery.”

“Then if there is n’t anything pretty there, why do they want to find the North Pole?”

“I can’t imagine,” said the Icicle.

Just then Paul’s mamma came up behind him and shut the window.

IN THE MIZ

“You will catch your death o’ cold, my child,” she said.

It seemed to Paul as if the whole house were afraid he would catch cold. Even grandma had made him a special kind of nightdress, for you must know that after Paul went to bed he sometimes used to dream that he was playing horse, and he would kick his feet about till all the bed-clothes were thrown on the floor; so grandma made him some red flannel suits with feet to them, and when he was all buttoned up, arms and legs and feet, in ‘one of these, he could kick all he pleased, but he did n’t catch cold.

Now this night he kept wondering when the icicle would go off, and at last he slipped out of bed and out onto the piazza where the big thermometer hung. He had just taken hold of it when a little boy popped out of it, saying briskly:

IN THE MIZ

“Going u—up?” and sure enough, up flew the thermometer with Paul hanging on the bottom of it.

“Here I go,” cried the Icicle, and caught hold also.

After a while he took Paul’s hand.

“We get off here,” he said, and dropped off the thermometer just as you sometimes see men spring off the back end of an electric car.

It grew colder and colder.

“I’m glad I have my red flannel night-dress on,” said Paul, “for grandma said I simply could n’t catch cold in that.”

“All the same, I think you had better have a tippet round your neck,” said the



“Going u—up?”

IN THE MIZ

Icicle ; and he snatched at a young fox that was running by. He twisted him firmly around Paul's neck, knotting the tail tight around the head. The fur felt warm and soft.

“ I 'm afraid he will bite me,” said Paul.

“ Oh, no,” said the Icicle, “ I saw a woman in Boston yesterday with a fox tied round her neck, head, claws and all. He may snap a little, but he 's tied too tight to reach your chin.”

Now there had been a question in Paul's mind for a long time, and it occurred to him that if the Icicle knew where the North Pole was, perhaps it could tell him the answer to his question also.

“ Do you know, Mr. Icicle,” he began, “ where the Miz is ? ”

“ The Miz ? Where did you ever hear of that ? ” said the Icicle.

“ Why, don't you know — ‘ In six days

IN THE MIZ

God made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in "the Miz," and I've looked in my geography and everywhere and I can't find 'the Miz.'"

"Yes, I know where it is, and if you will answer my questions I think I can tell you. Now when you are in the hill-country and look off over there — (waving his hand towards the west) what do you see?"

"Broad green fields that roll on and on and on."

"And behind those, what is there?" asked the Icicle.

"A long ridge with a scallopy top."

"And on the ridge?"

"Pine trees that are dark and solemn looking."

"And behind the trees?"

"The wide sky, orange colored, with purple clouds that have crinkly gold edges and streaks of crimson, and the big broad sun

IN THE MIZ

half gone out of sight, glittering so bright that it makes you wink to look at it."

"And behind that?"

"Why, — I don't know," said Paul.

"Behind that," said the Icicle, solemnly, "is the Miz."

"I wish I could go there," said Paul.

"You don't go. The Miz comes to you. Now we will go and report to the frost giant at the North Pole and then I will bring the Miz to you for a few minutes."

At that moment Paul saw sticking out of the great fields of ice and snow a pole, not unlike an ordinary clothes-pole, against which leaned a huge misshapen figure made apparently of blocks of ice. One arm was twisted around the North Pole and the other rested on the head of a Polar Bear. The giant had two deep eyes that were blue like the color one sees in the heart of a great iceberg or the waters of Lake Lucerne. He looked



IN THE MIZ

at Paul with an icy stare and bowed stiffly. Paul felt a bit homesick, it was so still and solemn.

“That’s a rather cold welcome,” said the Icicle, “but dear me! what can you expect at the North Pole? Don’t mind if he is cool to you. He can’t help it.”

Then the Icicle stepped in front of the giant and saluted with his right hand, saying:

“O King, freeze forever!
O King, melt thou never!”

“Let me hear your report,” said the giant king of the North.

“O King,” answered the Icicle, “I have done thine errands. Six pairs of men’s ears have I frozen, three miles of sidewalks have I made so slippery that the people cannot stand up on them, four water-pipes have I frozen so that the people can get no water to cook breakfast, one big boiler have

IN THE MIZ

I burst, and seven plumbers have I made happy.”

“Very well done,” said the giant.

Then the Icicle saluted again, saying :

“O King, freeze forever!

O King, melt thou never!”

“Now for the Miz,” said he to Paul. “I hope you won’t be disappointed. I took a woman there once and she never saw or heard a single thing more than what any one can see any day. Sit right down here.”

“Why,” said Paul, “are we going to church? This is just where I sit every Sunday.”

They really were in the back of the large church where Paul and his mother went every week. It was empty, and the organist was practising his music for the next day.

“All you have to do is to sit here and listen,” said the Icicle; and Paul listened,

IN THE MIZ

looking down the long centre aisle that seemed longer than ever, and appeared to stretch away into nothingness at the far-away chancel of the dim church.

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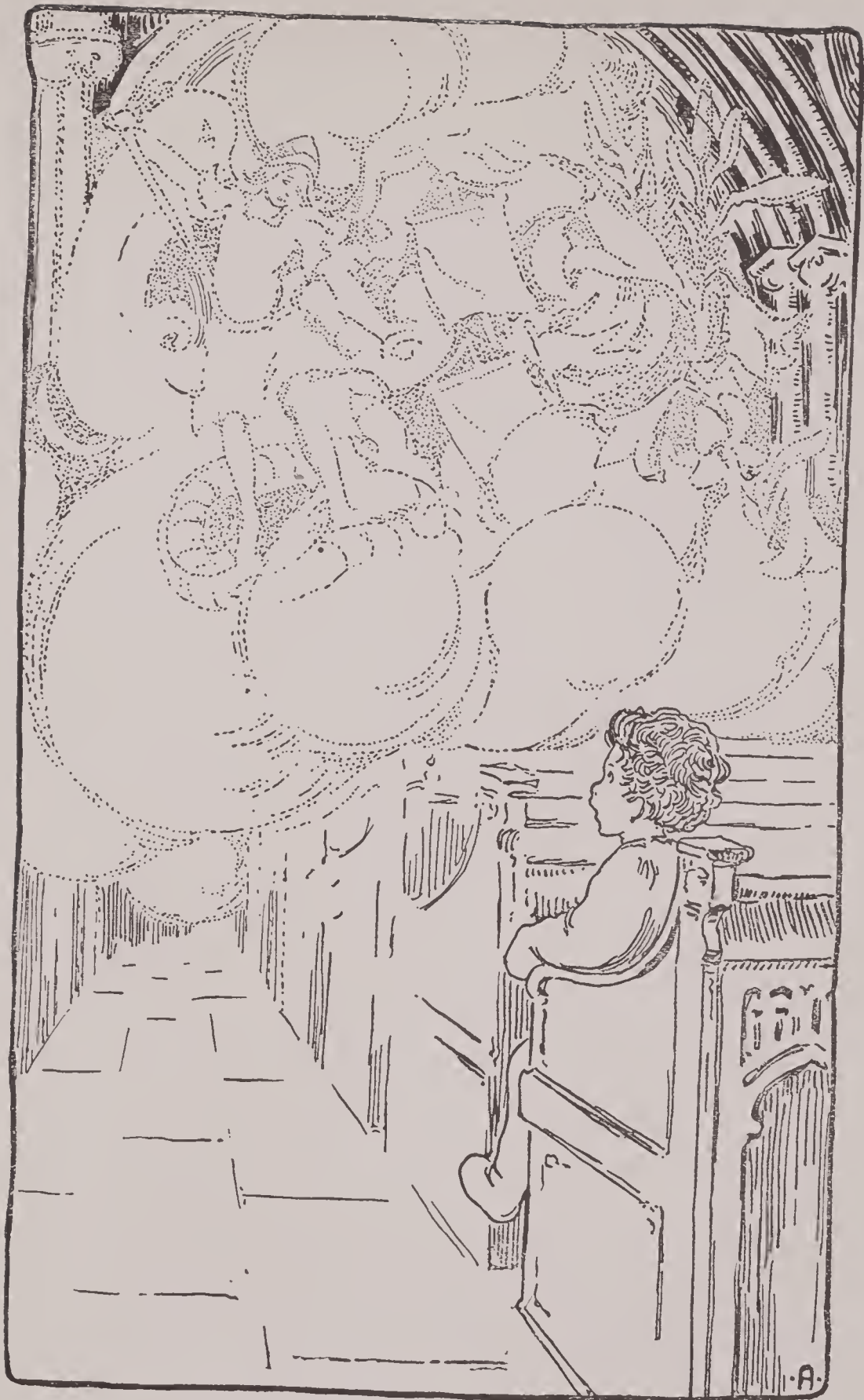
It happens now and then, as men are making history, that a mediæval is born into the age of us moderns, or that an oriental is born into the occident. You little people that are reading this will not know what that means, but your mammas will tell you that it means the same thing as when you are walking in the bare brown fields after the dead leaves rattle along and the honk of the wild goose sounds over the land, and come suddenly on a sweet, tiny violet, just one stray-away of spring, born into blue vigorous life in the midst of sere decay; or it means the same thing as when one sultry day in August you saw leaping out from among all the green leaves of the

IN THE MIZ

forest a single flaring scarlet branch, a vivid flame of color hanging over the edge of the still pond.

Now Paul, perhaps, was one of these stray-aways. It is their peculiar privilege to see more, hear more, and suffer more than ordinary people, — but why don't I go on with the story? Well, I will. And so it was, as the organ played first very soft, then louder and louder, with great crashing chords, that Paul saw the long aisle like a marble avenue, and there was a soft haze of a sweet piny-smelling smoke hanging over it; and there were *things* moving by the end of the avenue, that showed just a moment and then passed on into thick clouds of the smoke and disappeared. Paul watched.

There was the beautiful arch of a rainbow that cast green and violet and rosy tints over a tall, square-sided, gray monument that lifted its pointed top almost to the sky, and



Paul saw the long aisle like a marble avenue

IN THE MIZ

as these passed into the smoke that hid them, there came a faint sound in his ears as if a crowd of people a long way off had all shouted together. He leaned forward and listened, and heard the word "Hosanna!" Then it seemed to Paul as if some one waved the green branch of a palm-tree across his face and he caught a glimpse of blood-red banners that moved along in a stately way. His face lighted up, for he thought he was going to see a procession, and Paul, like any other little boy, *did* like processions; but the flaming banners also disappeared, and there was a man in gorgeous armor lying on the ground, dead, and in his forehead was a great nail driven through both his temples. Paul shuddered, and hid his face in both his little hands for a while; but pretty soon he noticed a wonderful perfume, that almost made him faint with its overpowering sweetness, and it seemed as

IN THE MIZ

if the organ said "Look up." So he did, and the pale dead man was gone, and there were tall glittering white lilies growing there, the largest and whitest Paul had ever seen. "It smells just like Easter," said Paul, and sniffed three or four times the fragrance of the lilies; and just then there came up a slender golden crescent just as you often see the new moon come up in the sky.

The tips of the crescent began to grow and stretch towards each other until Paul thought that they were going to make a complete circle like his mother's ring, but there came a man that held a cross in one hand and a great battle-ax in the other, and with the battle-ax he struck great ringing blows that chipped off the ends of the crescent. As fast as he knocked them off they grew again, and it seemed as if he would be crowded out of the circle; but

IN THE MIZ

he struck harder and faster, and at last cut off such a great piece that it never grew again.

Then the man sat down on the blunted horn of the crescent and wiped the great drops of sweat from his forehead, and caught his breath, while there rose a cry: "Europe is saved. Hurrah for Charles the Hammer!"

Then a puff of smoke blew across the end of the marble way, and when it was gone, Paul saw a great green dragon, something like a tremendous serpent, coiling round and round and reaching up a hideous green head on its writhing, scaly neck. There was a young man with a sweet, stern face fighting with the dragon. He had a helmet on his head, and strong, beautiful, white wings folded behind his shoulders. There was the flash of one swift sword-thrust; the serpent sank down dead, and the young

IN THE MIZ

man stood over the dragon, leaning on his gleaming sword, and smiled.

And Paul had a strange trembling feeling, as if the whole building were shaking and rocking ever so gently. It was like the jar of a railroad train. He couldn't quite tell whether he heard something or whether he felt something, but all he could think of was a line in a poem that his mother used to read to him, —

“. . . the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.”

And without thinking what he was doing, he began to mark time with his feet, — left, right; left, right.

“You can't help it, can you?” said the Icicle; “nobody ever could.”

“What is it?” asked Paul.

“It is the tramp of Roman legionaries. The whole world has had to keep time to

IN THE MIZ

it. It was a long time ago, but the world vibrates still to that tread, and always will."

Then a new sound came to Paul's ears, — a strange, unearthly music.

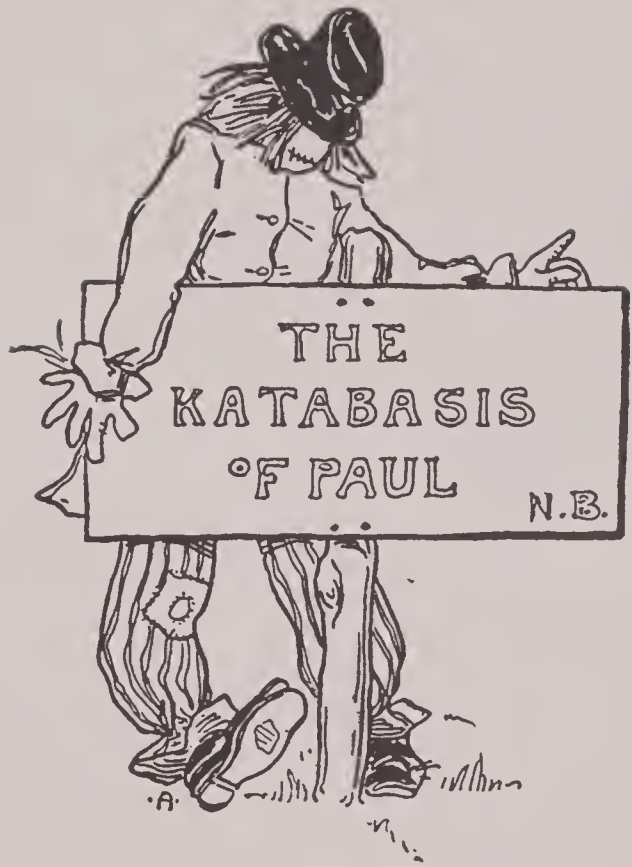
"It is the song of the Morning Stars," said the Icicle. "Can you understand it?" And Paul saw the dark blue vaulted sky of early morning with the great stars, white and frosty, looking down; and the wild sweet song said:

Peace, World! o'er din of victory,
Hear, raised from Heaven's soldiery,
A shout that bounds from star to star —
"The Son of God goes forth to war."

Then the smoke rolled down the marble avenue thicker and thicker, and the great billows wafted Paul away, away — out of the church — home.

"Good-bye, Paul. Not again for ten years, you know," said the Icicle.

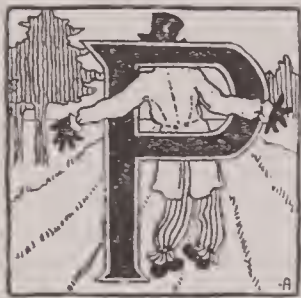
So Paul was "in the Miz."



THE
KATABASIS
OF PAUL

N.B.

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL



PAUL did not always live in the city. When the days came that the sun felt able to sit up a little later and not go to bed before supper, when the air was full of the smell of the good brown earth freshly ploughed up and of new green things growing in warm showers of rain that dropped so easily from scurrying clouds, and there was a soft pink haze over all the tree-tops, then Paul's papa and mamma would look at each other across the breakfast table, and say: "The hill-country is calling us, don't you think?" and then Paul would know that they were going to move into the summer home in the country. He was al-

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

ways glad, for Paul loved the gates of the hill-country more than all the cobble-stones of Boston.

Now on this particular morning, if you had been coming up the long country road, you would scarcely have known it was Paul sitting in the deep window-seat of his home, for his forehead was puckered into cross wrinkles and the corners of his mouth tipped down, and he didn't look a bit happy. Neither was he, for he was in that frame of mind where he felt how nice it would be if only his mother were like John Jones's or Sam Brown's. They never said "No" to John and Sam, and Paul's mother had said "No" to him three times that very morning. She had also said that he must not leave his lessons to play out of doors until half-past ten.

Oh, what a long time! The sun was so bright! Paul could hear a yellow-hammer

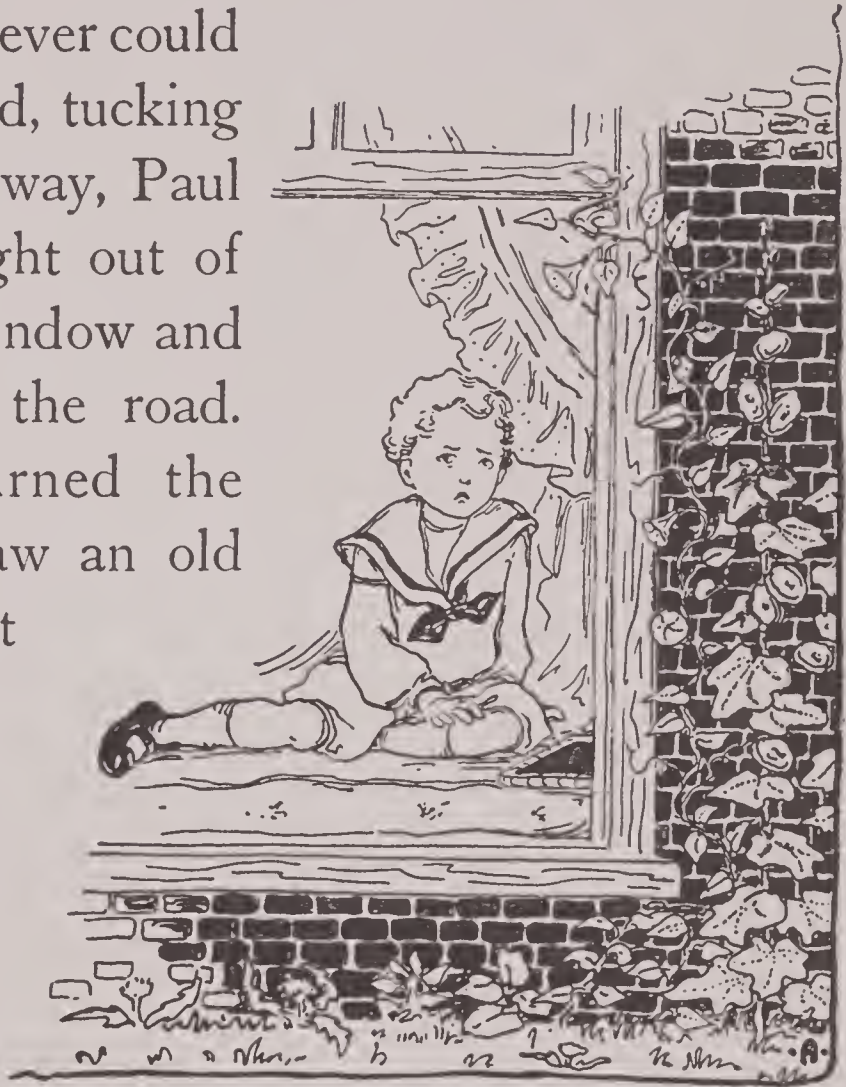
THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

pounding a tree and whistling, and there was a striped chipmunk running along the wall. He never could stand it, and, tucking his slate away, Paul jumped right out of the long window and ran down the road.

As he turned the bend he saw an old woman just ahead of him pushing a handcart. She was a fat old lady

in a short black skirt

and a big apron, and she wore a round black chip hat tied down under her chin.



He did n't look a bit happy

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

“There is Granny White,” he thought, “peddling eggs and butter;” and he ran to catch up with her, for she always carried peppermints in her pocket and gave them to little boys. When she looked around, Paul saw that it was not Granny White, nor any one that he had ever seen, but she was such a kind-faced old lady that Paul said as politely as he could, “Let me help you push the cart.”

The cart was heavy and the wheels sank deep in the sand, but he pushed with might and main, and soon they came to the top of the hill.

“You are a fine, generous lad,” said the old woman. “Now who would ever think you had been such a naughty boy at home this morning?”

Paul hung his head.

“I’m sure you’re going straight back to do the arithmetic,” said she, patting his head,

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

and then she stepped over the stone wall and was gone.

Paul stood on tip-toes and looked on the other side of the wall, and up and down the road, but there wasn't a sign of her, and, if you will believe me, although he could see every one of his own footprints in the loose sand of the road, there wasn't a single trace of the old woman's shoes or of the cart-wheels.

"Why, where has she gone?" he thought, "and how did she know I had been bad? Anyway, I'm not going home, I'm going to climb the old apple-tree."

He climbed to his favorite branch, which was shaped like a horse's back, and sat astride of it, making believe he was Napoleon riding into a battle. But after a little he began to feel queer.

The sun had gone in, and the sky was a cold gray all over. No teams went along

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

the road, and no voices of men working in the fields gave a pleasing sense of security. A great black crow flapped slowly over the mowing and lighted on a dead tree near by. He stayed there a long time, watching Paul. Paul wished he would go away. The swallows began to be restless, and flew hurriedly about, swooping at Paul so close that he could catch the iridescent blue sparkle of their backs. What if they should peck his eyes out? Paul began to look very sober, and at last he got down from the tree and ran across the field. Then it was that the big black crow on the dead tree took a sudden flight. Paul suddenly felt himself moving through the air. He looked up, but it was black as night over his head. He put up his hand to feel where he was, and touched a soft downy thing like feathers. He felt something tight around his waist and struggled to get free, when a rough voice said:—

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

“Keep still! Here come the king-birds!”

Then Paul knew that the big crow had picked him up and was holding him tight under his wing with one claw. He knew that the king-birds hate the crows, for he had seen them chase and peck the crows and steal their food. Then there was a race indeed. The crow flew faster and faster. The king-birds chased him, for they thought Paul was some great piece of food and wanted him; but the crow dodged and dipped and circled, and flew faster than ever, and at last the great wings ceased to flap and they sank down into a pine forest.

“Here, youngsters,” cawed the crow, dropping Paul into the midst of some great awkward creatures with hardly any feathers, and with bills that were wide open all the time. They were in the top of a pine about thirty feet from the ground, in a rough mass of twigs, feathers, twine, grasses, and moss, all

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

woven together loosely into a great bristly bunch, not at all pretty,—a very slack nest.

“Shall we eat him?” said the young crows, so eagerly that Paul jumped.

“Why, no. I would n’t; that is, not just yet. Play with him while I go and get you something for dinner.”

Off flew the old crow, and the young birds began to talk to Paul.

“Can’t you curl your legs up a little tighter?” they said. “If you don’t, we shall push you out of the nest,” said one.

“Oh, dear,” thought Paul, “my legs do ache so, all squeezed up in this shape;” but still he tried to curl them up, for he had no desire to be shoved out of the nest and fall thirty feet.

Then the young crows began to play with a little piece of broken crockery. It was the handle of an old mug, and Paul could n’t help saying:—

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

“You ought to see my playthings at home. I’ve got a —”

“Don’t talk to us about your home. If it was so very fine, why didn’t you stay there? Beggars should n’t be choosers.”

“I’m *not* a beggar,” said Paul, the tears coming into his eyes.

“Yes, you are. Don’t contradict, or we shall shove you out of the nest;” and they began to squirm around as if they were really going to do it. Soon Paul saw them all stretch up their necks,



“Push him out of the nest!”

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

and open their bills wider than ever, and begin to caw and scream. Then he saw that the old crow had come back. She had a few worms, a kernel of corn, and a little field-mouse, which she gave them for dinner. Paul was terribly hungry, but he could n't eat worms and mice, and the crows were too greedy to urge him to do so.

“ I shall starve, I certainly shall,” he said.

“ Say, mother, when are we going to fly ? ” asked the youngsters.

“ Very soon now ; but do be careful. Just over there is a field of nice corn. Don't go near it. You will know it by the red rags flying from the corners of it, and there is a man there with a gun. Keep away.”

“ Oh,” said Paul, just here catching sight of something very bright and glittering in the nest, “ there 's my mother's ring ; ” and he picked up a gold ring with a diamond in it. “ She lost it last week, and we have hunted

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

and hunted. How pleased she will be that we have found it!”

“ Found it? Indeed!” cawed all the crows together; “ that is ours. Our mother brought it to us to play with.”

“ But my mother lost it on the lawn, and I must take it home to her,” said Paul.

“ Push him out of the nest!” cawed the eldest crow, and with a sharp peck she snatched the ring out of Paul’s fingers while the others all spread out their wings and nestled about and crowded Paul nearer and nearer to the edge of the nest. Over he went, and began to fall down — down. The branches of the pine slapped against his face as he fell. He caught at them, but they slipped through his hands, and on he fell with only a few pine needles clutched in his fingers. It was such a very tall tree, and such a long way to the foot.

“ Oh, how I shall bump my head when I

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

strike the ground!" thought Paul; but just then there came walking through the woods an old woman, the very same one that Paul had helped with the hand-cart in the morning. She looked up and saw Paul bouncing from branch to branch, and, running under the tree, she stretched out her big blue and white checked apron with both hands, and plump! down came Paul right into the apron, and the old woman gathered up the corners in a jiffy, so that he was n't hurt a bit; only his breath was all gone.

The old woman set him on his feet and asked, "Well, how did you like your new home?"

"It was horrid," said Paul. "They were always scolding and quarrelling, and I had nothing to eat and nothing to play with."

"Then let us go home to your mamma and say you are sorry for being naughty."



Down came Paul right into the apron

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

Paul looked at the ground and dug a little well in the pine needles with his toe. "N—n—no, I should have to do arithmetic," he said.

"Very well," said the old woman, "only remember that if you don't do the arithmetic it will do you;" and she stepped behind a tree. Paul ran round and round it, and even looked up into the trees, but could n't find her anywhere. He started to call her, but not knowing her name, could think of nothing but "Old woman," and that does n't sound polite, he thought. Now if he had been a car-conductor, he would have called "Ma'am!" or "Lady!" but he was n't; and if his mother had not told him never to call people "Say!" he would have called out, "Say, where are you?"

So he stumbled along by himself till he came to a clearing. There were bright red

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

flags fluttering on the edges of it, and in the middle of the field stood a tall, thin man with a gun pointing straight at Paul.

“This is the field that the crow does n't dare to come into,” thought Paul. “I shall be safe here,” and he ran over to the man.

“You're a fine scarecrow, are n't you?”

“Yes,” answered the man; “not a crow has come into this corn-patch since I have stood here.”

Then Paul told the scarecrow about his fright and his fall, and the scarecrow was so sympathetic that they became great friends.

“I wish you would go home with me,” said Paul. “I want my mother, and I'm so hungry; but I don't dare go alone for fear the crows will get me again, and this time perhaps they will eat me.”

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

“Well, now, partner, I ’m right sorry, but you see it ’s this way. Farmer Jones put me here to see that no crows got at his corn, and if I should leave the field and go home with you, they might pull it all up while I was gone. A good soldier stays till his work is done, and here I must stand, no matter how hard the rain pelts and how hot the sun shines, and how much I may want to take a walk with a fine young gentleman like yourself.”

Then Paul blushed when he thought how easily he had given up and run away from his lessons, and he straightened his small shoulders and said :

“I ’ll go home all by myself and do my lessons.”

“Good boy,” said the scarecrow, “and I ’ll lean way over and watch you down the long lane to see that you get there safe.”



THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

So Paul started on the run. He stopped at the turn of the lane and waved his hand to the scarecrow, who was leaning over till he almost lost his balance to see around the corner. Just at the end of the lane Paul saw the old woman trudging along ahead of him.



He almost lost his balance to see around the corner

She knew he was coming, for she was a fairy, and could see out of the back

of her head, so she turned round, and, smiling all over, said :

“That’s a good boy, Paul. Never be a coward. There is a wicked fairy in this

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

world, and his name is 'Fear.' Don't ever give in to him."

Paul rushed in to his mother, who was glad enough to see him.

"Why, Paul, where have you been with Granny White?" she asked. "I saw you coming down the road with her."

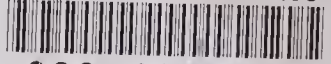
"That is n't Granny White, it's a fairy," he said; and he told his mother what an unhappy day he had had, and how sorry he was. His mother smiled and gave him some luncheon, but Paul was so tired that he fell asleep while he was trying to tell her that young crows eat field-mice and worms instead of bread and jam and baked apples. The wind rose and howled round the corners; it began to thunder and lighten, and the rain came down with a great swishing sound, but Paul slept through it all, and all that night he slept without turning over. But just as

THE KATABASIS OF PAUL

soon as his lessons were done in the morning he dragged his mother by the hand to see his friend the scarecrow, and sure enough, there was the good fellow leaning way over till he almost tipped headlong to the ground.



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